

THE

MAGAZINE

Elks

OCTOBER 1943
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*... may I suggest you buy
more U. S. War Bonds today?*

J. W. Harper

Bottled in Bond under the
strict U. S. Government standards.

Our distilleries today
are devoted to the production of
alcohol for war purposes only.

it's always a pleasure

I. W. HARPER

the gold medal whiskey



*Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, Bottled in Bond, 100 Proof. Bernheim Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Kentucky.
Tune in Schenley's Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival Every Wednesday Evening C. B. S.*



The War Is Not Yet Won!

"Speaking coldly, frankly and realistically from the military standpoint, it is not a fact that the War will soon be over. We must not forget for one instant that arrayed against us today is the most powerful and destructive war machine ever welded together since the dawn of history. We must not be misled into believing that victory is just around the corner."

This was part of the message of Maj. Gen. James A. Ulio, Adjutant General, U. S. Army (and a member of Fargo, N. D., Lodge, No. 260), to the Grand Lodge delegates assembled at the Elks War Conference in Boston in July.

If we needed any further incentive to spur our efforts in the current campaign to recruit Army Construction Engineers and Navy Seabees, General Ulio's message would serve that purpose. Fortunately, Elks lodges throughout the country have entered into this recruitment program with the same complete enthusiasm and cooperative spirit that distinguished their efforts in the campaigns for aviation cadets, mechanical personnel for the Army Air Corps, and other patriotic activities sponsored by the Elks War Commission.

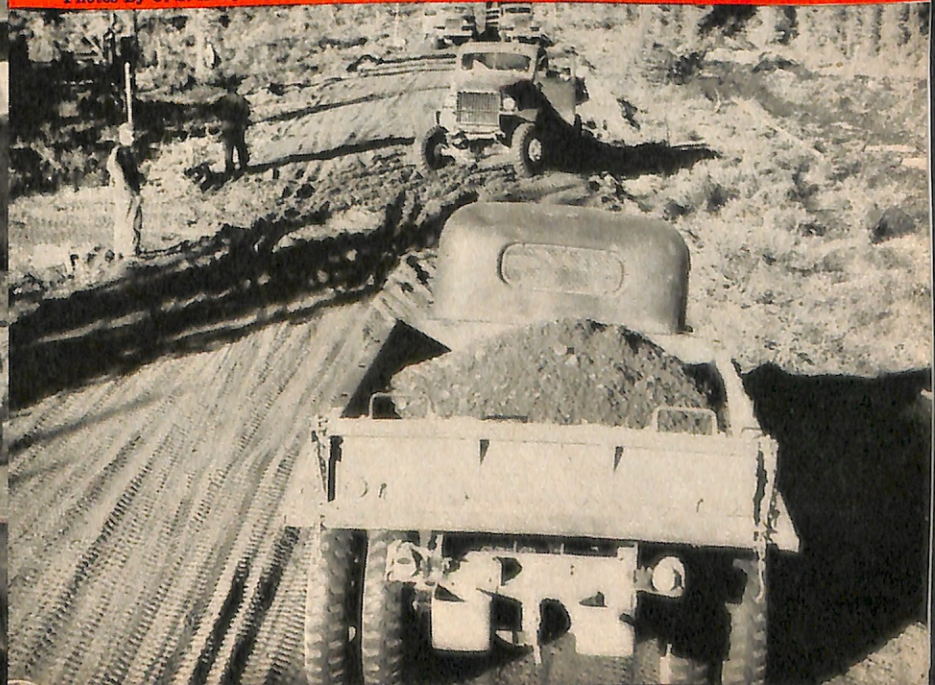
However, success sometimes brings complacency! And complacency can cause failure! We must not relax our efforts for a single minute . . . until our job is finished and the world is at peace once more.

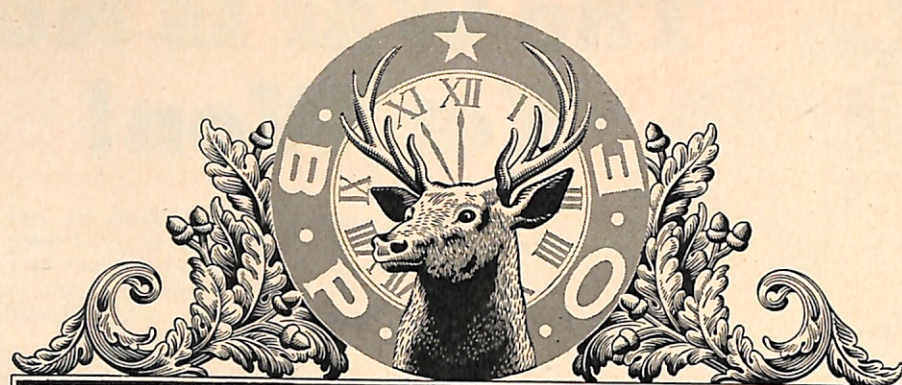
The need for Construction Engineers in both branches of our Armed Forces continues. As our Army and Navy advance into territories formerly occupied by our enemies, men are needed to repair airfields, rebuild barracks and hospitals, repair bulkheads and docks, and blaze new trails to areas from which we can continue our relentless operations against the enemies of Freedom.

Every Elk's job is to help locate suitable prospects for the Army Engineers and Navy Seabees . . . men who have been working on authorized Government building projects which are being completed . . . men who can use tools (whether those tools are screwdrivers and hammers, or Diesel engines and power shovels). Direct these men to the proper recruiting channels. The War Committee Chairman of your lodge knows the proper routine to follow and he'll be glad to work with you. Help place these engineering prospects in the positions where their knowledge and useful abilities are most needed and where the man himself will feel "at home".

Each branch of the Armed Service requires 9000 additional men each month for this important work. Elks can render a valuable patriotic service by helping to get them!

Photos By U. S. Army Signal Corps and U. S. Army Air Forces





THE Elks MAGAZINE

NATIONAL PUBLICATION OF THE BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE GRAND LODGE BY THE NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

"TO INCULCATE THE PRINCIPLES OF CHARITY, JUSTICE, BROTHERLY LOVE AND FIDELITY; TO PROMOTE THE WELFARE AND ENHANCE THE HAPPINESS OF ITS MEMBERS; TO QUICKEN THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN PATRIOTISM; TO CULTIVATE GOOD FELLOWSHIP. . ."
—FROM PREAMBLE TO THE CONSTITUTION, BENEVOLENT AND PROTECTIVE ORDER OF ELKS

THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION

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OCTOBER 1943

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THE ELKS MAGAZINE, Volume 22, No. 5, October, 1943. Published monthly at McCall Street, Dayton, Ohio, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America. Entered as second-class matter November 2, 1940, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of August 24, 1912. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized May 20, 1922. Printed in Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Single copy price, 20 cents. Subscription price in the United States and its Possessions, for Elks, \$1.00 a year; for non-Elks, \$2.00 a year; for Canadian postage, add 50 cents a year; for foreign postage, add \$1.00 a year. Subscriptions are payable in advance. CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Please send notice of a change in your address to the Circulation Department, The Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N. Y., with the following information: 1. Your name and the name of your lodge; 2. Your membership number; 3. The new address; 4. The old address. Your lodge Secretary also should be informed of the change. Manuscripts must be typewritten and accompanied by sufficient postage for their return via first-class mail. They will be handled with care, but this Magazine assumes no responsibility for their safety. Copyright, 1943, by the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks of the United States of America.

IN THIS ISSUE We Present—

"ARE You A.W.O.L.?" There is a good possibility that many in your vicinity are and Wendell E. Lund, Director, Labor Production Division, War Production Board, tells you why. Mr. Lund wrote this article for you and tells what you, as Elks, can do to combat absenteeism in your community. Whether you be a doctor, lawyer or merchant chief there is much you can do to aid in keeping production of war matériel at the staggering levels necessary to back up our Armed Forces. "Are You A.W.O.L.?" Turn to page four and make sure that you are not.

John J. Floherty, Jr., CPO, USCG, is the Jack Floherty who in the past has illustrated many stories for us and who has often designed the decorations for our editorial pages and covers. Today Chief Petty Officer Floherty of the Coast Guard divides his time between sea duty, on which he makes rough sketches of men in action, and shore duty, where he makes the finished drawings. "Global Guardians" is the result of one short period in his now amphibious life. It is the Coast Guard that patrols our beaches and coastal waters, destroys enemy subs, performs heroic rescues, and handles the landing operations which we are carrying out so successfully. Pages ten and eleven graphically depict the Coast Guard in action. This is one of a series of drawings of our Armed Forces which we are proud to present. The Marines are next.

In an effort to conserve paper for the many wartime uses in which it is being employed, we have reduced the number of pages of *The Elks Magazine*. This has necessitated the omission of cartoons and fiction in many of our issues. This month, however, we were able to publish cartoons and one story. The story, "Balkan Strategy", by Will F. Jenkins, we chose for its timeliness as well as for its excellent plot and action.

There are over eighteen pages of news and announcements of fraternal interest. On page 1 is another message from the Elks War Commission and on page nineteen is the list of new Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen. "Elks in the War" begins on page 16.

Stanley Frank has a provocative article, "Everyone's Football", on page 6 and Harry Hansen reviews the first of the new Fall books on page 7. Ed Faust tells a number of interesting anecdotes about dog mascots, military and civilian, and Ray Trullinger keeps the rod and gun fiends up to date on matters pertinent to the dearest, nearest thing to their hearts, hunting and fishing.

F.R.A.

Today, as for the past hundred years, men enjoy the mellow goodness of this famous whiskey.



THOSE IN THE KNOW—ASK FOR

OLD CROW

A Truly Great Name

AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES

There is in Old Crow a matchless quality and taste which only rigid adherence to time-honored methods and standards can preserve.



The Old Crow whiskey you buy today was distilled and laid away to age years before the war. Today the Old Crow Distillery is producing only alcohol for war purposes. So be patient if you can't have all you want of Old Crow when you want it. We are doing our utmost to distribute our reserve stocks so as to assure you a continuous supply for the duration.

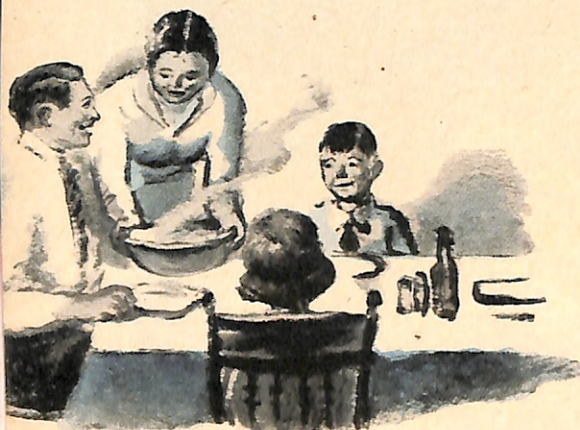
BOTTLED-IN-BOND

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • This whiskey is 4 years old
National Distillers Products Corporation, New York, N. Y. • 100 Proof



ARE YOU

Mr. Lund asks if there is absentee nity, and tells what you, as Elks,



HAVE you missed going to your office lately? Did you finally succumb to the desire to do a little fishing? Or was the bus trip, in these crowded days, just too much to face that morning last week?

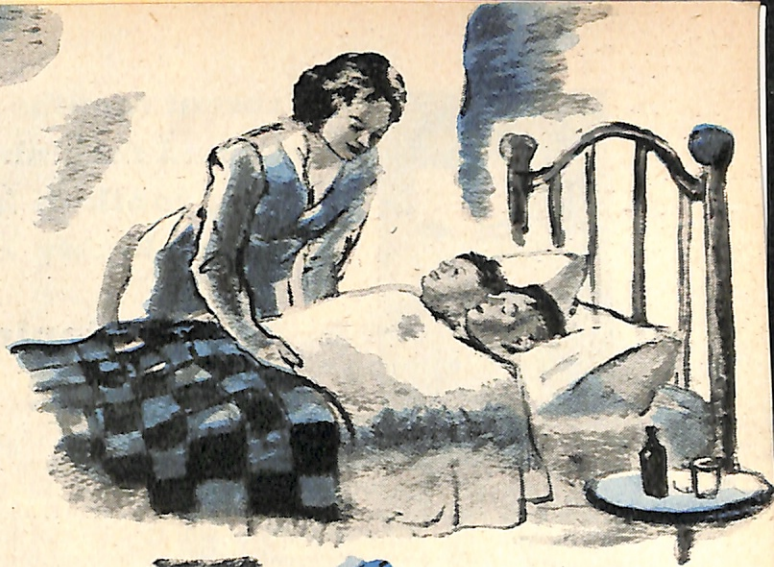
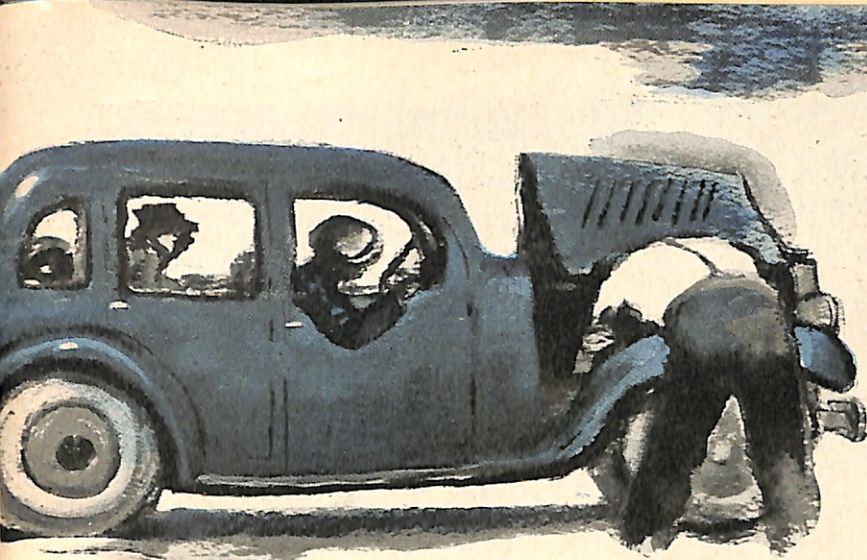
Now maybe your job is *not* in a war plant. Not many of us, relatively speaking, actually put together the tanks, planes, ships, guns and shells that wind up in North Africa. Many more of us make the parts that go into the tools of war. But even more of us, probably the greater part of us, are even less directly connected with the war. We are the butchers, the clerks, the store-

owners and bankers, the cleaners and dyers and show repairmen. We run the stores and barber-shops, the newspapers and print-shops. We are the home front.

I want to look, with you, at the home front for a moment. I am going to ignore the war front, because that job is going all right. And for the moment, I am going to disregard the production front in the factories.

But now I have something to say to the home front. Because it is those people who are not in the war plants, who are not infested with the terrible urgency that sits on the roof-tops of our





A.W.O.L.?

ism in your commu-
can do about it.

By Wendell E. Lund

Director, Labor Production
Division, War Production
Board.

factories, that hold in their minds and hands the answer, and just about the whole answer, to a large, admittedly serious, but highly-overrated problem called in big, black letters, ABSENTEEISM.

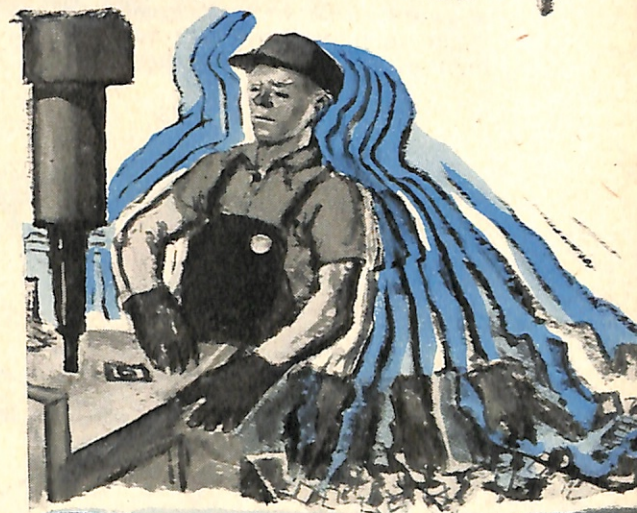
Until lately we hadn't been doing too well. For a while, when absenteeism was first christened, we, the home front, were the critics. We sat back and read in the newspapers about war workers staying away from the plants, we heard it on the radio and from the sounding-board of Washington. At first glance, it didn't look good. And, being Americans, we thought we saw

other Americans lying down on the job! So we got mad. The madder we got, the madder the war worker got, until the only light on the absenteeism problem came from a white heat developing between two points of view.

You see, the workers in the plants knew a little bit more than their critics about why they stayed home. They were Americans too, and felt keenly the stings of much of the unjustified criticism directed at their heads.

What are some of the things that kept war workers from their jobs?

To (Continued on page 46)





In recent months the constituents have had the dubious pleasure of seeing football blown up into a series of highly irregular furores

By Stanley Frank

FOOTBALL, by definition, is both a game and an object to be kicked vigorously, although there are times the distinction is so vague that the meaning of the word appears to be interchangeable. The game is played by only twenty-two men at one time, but there are no

restrictions on the numbers or qualifications of those who can apply the foot to the oblate spheroid, also known as the pigskin or apple. Anyone can kick football into the shape of a funny hat worn to attract attention. Too many people do.

As someone, who might have been

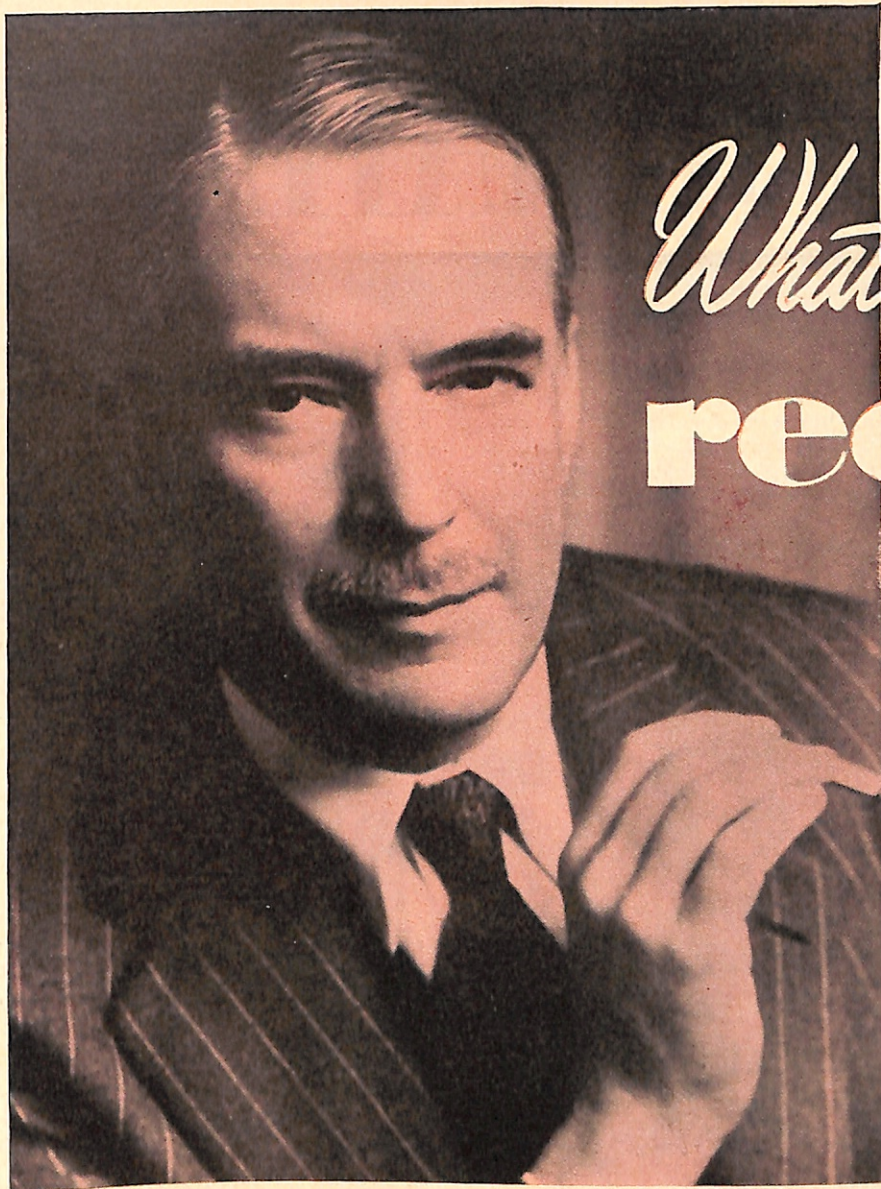
anyone but George Bernard Shaw, once observed, a football takes a lot of queer bounces. After bobbing around for years as nothing more significant than a college boy's toy, occasionally kicked for a goal by reformers, football suddenly has come up on a freakish tangent as a full-blown political and military issue. Must be the new, synthetic rubber they're using.

In recent months the constituents have had the dubious pleasure of seeing football blown up into a series of highly irregular furores in a nation at war. Early in August, Secretary of War Stimson, presumably occupied with plans for the invasion of Europe and the prosecution of the campaign in the South Pacific, had to take time out to deny a petition

(Continued on page 49)

Everyone's Football





What America is reading

**John P. Marquand author of
the best seller, "So Little Time".**

Vandamm

**Here are reviews of October's harvest of fine books,
both fact and fiction**

By Harry Hansen



OUR own tangible worlds are made up of experiences and feelings and sometimes a bit of reflection. But most of us are too busy with the daily concerns of life to try to determine the pattern we follow. We are like John P. Marquand's Jeffrey Wilson, the middle-aged play doctor in his new novel, "So Little Time", who is shocked into awareness of the brevity and inconclusiveness of life by the imminence of war and the possible service of his son. He was a pilot in the first World War, when he hoped that we were putting an end to oppression. Now he looks back

on the past and finds that it is made up of little episodes and of people who come and go, and that everything moves much too swiftly to make much sense. Thus Jeffrey Wilson is like a man walking down a street, and every time he sees a face he stops, looks back and recalls other days and other times. And some of the recollections are highly amusing, but underneath it all there is an earnest note of sober realization and of the desire to find out where he is going.

For the amusing characterizations, the sly satire, the irony, many readers will be grateful. Mr. Mar-

quand's Jeffrey Wilson has become amused by a lot of things that amuse us, too. It is time, for instance, to poke a little fun at the war correspondents, and although none, we hope, is quite such a fool as Walter Newcombe, who was very important but basically ignorant, many have some of Walter's foibles. Jeffrey doesn't like, for instance, the habit of referring to the leaders by their first names, as when Newcombe declares that he is going to China to see "Lissimo and Mei", meaning Chiang Kai-shek and his wife; in the same way Jeffrey didn't like to hear the New Dealers referring to each other by their first names. He makes fun of the "intelligentsia on the verge of crisis", the Hollywood producer who knows the play is lousy but doesn't know why, and wants something done about it; the publisher who puts on gay cocktail parties, and the weekend party in a Connecticut farmhouse full of quaint chairs and cobbler's benches and bored New Yorkers.

But despite these clever touches, the basic mood of the book is serious. Jeffrey is the earnest individualist, the man of goodwill, who is bewildered by the inability of reasonable men to make the world move in harmony. He wants his son to be free to choose his path, and for that reason he resents the snobbish attitude of his wife when the lad picks a girl of whom she does not approve. But more than anything he looks for permanence, a basis for continuing experiences, and fails to find it in the rapid succession of events. At the end he is comforted by recognition of the need of forgiveness and sympathy as a basis for understanding.

This is the first major novel of the
(Continued on page 40)

BALKAN STRATEGY



THE mountains could have been in America, and Macek—except for his embroidered red silk vest—could have been an out-of-work vaudevillian in the United States. But the rest was different. Very different. The soldiers at the bridge, for example. Macek's traveling companion—a footsore, smudge-faced figure in a boy's ill-fitting garments. The

heavy and somehow theatrical traveling-bag which Macek carried. The looted, shattered village on the near side of the bridge. The machine-gun mounted to command the bridge's approaches. Everything was different.

The mountains loomed tall and precipitous and serene. Their green sides gave way to rock, and there were patches of snow remaining here

and there on their upper flanks. In the distance, clouds intervened to mask the mountain fastnesses in which it was said that *chetniks*—guerrillas—having come into being through desperation, were now improvising themselves into an army. To the soldiers at the bridge, these mountains were a bafflement; an enigma which might at any time be-

entertainment. The soldiers at the bridge were bored.

Macek—he was short and squat and had once been rotund—came to a respectful halt some little distance from the sentry. He clutched his traveling-bag tightly.

"Pardon, *Meinherr*," he said in very passable German, "is it permitted to cross the bridge?"

For answer, the soldier bawled a call. Macek stood still, waiting. The air was not notably warm, but his forehead was moist. He took out a red handkerchief and mopped his face. He murmured encouraging words to his companion. The boy was finely-featured, and seemed utterly exhausted. He looked about fifteen or sixteen, and at a guess he had been given a part of the food that Macek might legitimately have kept for himself. But he had limped as he struggled to keep up with Macek, and now he swayed as if on the verge of falling.

"Courage!" said Macek in a low tone. "The curtain is up! We have an audience! Play your part well, and—"

He stopped abruptly. An officer had come out of the least-ruined of the village houses. He yawned. Three soldiers, sitting in the sun against the wall of a ruined house, turned their heads and stared. The officer said with the truculent geniality of a conqueror, "What is this? What the devil do you want?"

"Pardon, *Herr Uberlieutenant*," said Macek, again in German. The

conscious pride of a professional man, but his forehead was moist again. "There has never been any other man in the world to perform some of the feats I performed, *Meinherr*. I would be glad to display. Merely a wooden wall or a door which does not matter."

The officer said arrogantly, "We have no time for nonsense. Your papers!" But as Macek fumbled for them, he said, "What would you do with a door?"

"I am an artist, *Herr Uberlieutenant*," said Macek proudly. "No other man in Europe can keep twelve knives in the air while he outlines his assistant's figure with other knives flung across a full stage, and using each hand alternately to throw! My nephew, against a door, would demonstrate."

The officer grimaced. He took the documents Macek held out and glanced through them. "Hm. . . . Hm. . . ." He glanced at the boy. Back at the papers.

Macek sweated. The boy swayed on his feet, worn out. His boots were shreds. There were bandages about his feet inside the footgear. There was a dust-caked red stain on one of the bits of cloth.

"But there is no pass for you to go into enemy—*Chetnik* territory," the officer said genially. "Have you any reason to offer why I should let you go?"

Macek swallowed.

"I have no money, *Herr Uberlieutenant*," he said hopelessly. "I spent

Macek was an artist. No other man in Europe was his equal as a knife thrower, but the Germans did not know how to treat an artist.

By Will F. Jenkins

Illustrated by MARIO COOPER

title was a flattering exaggeration. He knew the value of a compliment. "My nephew and myself wish to cross the bridge, if it is permitted."

"Hah! To join the *chetniks*, eh? You know we shoot them when we catch them, and all their friends too!"

"Oh, no, *Herr Uberlieutenant*!" protested Macek humbly. "There is a village in the mountains in which I have relatives. I wish to visit them and make myself useful and perhaps be fed. My nephew also, of course."

The officer said suspiciously, frowning, "How is it that you speak German?"

"I am an artist, *Herr Uberlieutenant*. I played many times in Germany. Before crowned heads I have displayed my skill. In Germany, in Austria—all over Europe, *Meinherr*. I had scrapbooks full of newspaper notices." Macek spoke with the con-

scious pride of a professional man, but his forehead was moist again.

The officer said more genially still, "Hah! That is suspicious! You wish to pass into rebellious territory, and you speak of offering bribes! This must be looked into! Franz! Herman! Search these two!"

Sweat coalesced into droplets on Macek's forehead. He tried to smile. He turned his pockets inside out, and smiled nervously at the boy to do the same. One of the soldiers poked at Macek, listening for the crinkle of papers which might be money, and fumbling where there might be arms. The boy was behind. Macek slowly turned a ghastly gray color. A cry from the boy made him whirl. The boy thrust at the other soldier, his face like chalk. The soldier regarded him with a startled, incredulous grin.


"What's this?" demanded the officer, alertly.

(Continued on page 27)

There was a sharp, smacking thud. The knife stuck into the door within inches of his upheld palm.

come a threat. But Macek and his companion were nothing so complex. They were merely natives of a conquered country, deserving not even notice unless they promised loot or

GLOBAL GUARDIANS

A dramatic illustration of a naval scene. In the upper left, a patrol cutter is shown from a high angle, with several crew members visible on its deck. A large, dark, cylindrical object, likely a machine gun, is mounted on the stern. The sea is depicted with stylized, swirling waves in shades of blue and white. In the background, another ship is visible on the horizon. The overall tone is heroic and action-oriented.

**Convoy. A patrol cutter with
stern .30 mm machine gun.**

Sub buster, a five inch gun.

FLOHERT,
JR / CPO
USCGR

The U. S. Coast Guard in Action

A group of sketches
by Floherty Jr., CPO—USCGR



Invasion barge ready for action
manned by Coast Guardsmen.

Beach patrols play a dramatic
part in our coastal defense.

Rescue and anti-sub
patrol flight.

In the DOGHOUSE



with Ed Faust

**Some outstanding stories about
mascots, military and otherwise**

THE distance that a dog on the loose will travel is amazing and it is because of a wandering pooch that a jovial but wholly irreligious friend of mine, much to his astonishment became advertising manager for a church. The dog is his—that is, he's custodian of it. It's

a semi-poodle whose appearance suggests a cross between a dog of that breed and a cowhide trunk. But he's a nice purp, affable as a politician, and it is that excess of friendliness that causes him to cover an enormous beat in keeping up his social contacts. Fortunately and perhaps

because of his utter lack of pulchritude, he hasn't yet been dog-naped. The tag on his collar furnishes ready identification, hence it has become routine for my friend to answer phone calls from people who have apprehended his canine culprit. So he wasn't at all surprised to receive such a call after arriving home one evening. It came from a town where my friend and his wife used to live—in fact, from the very neighborhood where they once had their home. It happened to be an exceedingly cold night which our hero offered in justification for what happened. Calling a taxi, he proceeded to get his dog. The journey was punctuated by divers stop-overs at life-saving stations along the way but he got his dog and to fortify himself for the trek back home he made several other such shopping detours. As he tells the story, he and his pooch suddenly found themselves in front of a church, the basement of which was brightly lighted.

"You know, Ed," he said, "I've always been curious to know what went on in a gospel-mill in the middle of the week. I've seen them lit up but darned if I ever had the nerve to go in and find out. But the night I rescued Daisy (the purp is a male but the name is Daisy just the

(Continued on page 43)

Photo by Ylla from Rapho-Guillumette



Ernest Hemingway, famous author,
with a bag of fine pheasants.

STEADY customers of this literary hook and bullet bazaar will recall last June's report of that ill-advised "harvest-the-game-crop" drive, and the motives which prompted the campaign. The charges as printed here and elsewhere were never disproved, incidentally, for the quite obvious reason they couldn't be refuted.

A few weeks after the article appeared this reporter received a soldier's letter, mailed from somewhere in the South Pacific. We don't feel privileged to reveal the writer's name; suffice to say he's a first lieutenant in a headquarters bombardment group and a member of Yakima, Wash., Lodge, No. 318. What he has to say, we feel, is rather important, for which reason we're printing his letter, as follows:—

"Some days ago I got my hands on the June issue of *The Elks Magazine* (Ed. comment: The old Wapiti Gazette certainly gets around!) and of course I read your rod and gun section. It was a revelation for me to read your article and I want personally to thank you for your stand in this matter and for the guts you displayed in coming out in the open and exposing the facts.

"As a member of the Armed Forces of the United States operating in the South Pacific area, let me say you are correct in your assumptions. Those people leading the "harvest-the-game-crop" crusade in an effort to divert ammunition production from us to sporting purposes are out of their minds. I love to hunt—it's my one hobby in life—and I like to hear about my friends' hunting trips and read about their experiences. There are many thousands out here like me and we have missed our hunting and fishing a lot the last two years or more. We feel we are striving out here to perpetuate at home freedom of the outdoors and its wildlife.

"The job is tough enough at its best, so for God's sake don't take away the tools on which we depend as there is no super-abundance out this way. Take my word for it, that game harvest drive is sponsored by those 'who know not what they do'.

"As you can readily appreciate, I cannot come out at this time with any convincing arguments as regards these matters. A careful study by anyone with common sense and an understanding of our numerous theaters of operation and an appreciation of the stupendous task of supply that confronts our government ought to be enough.

"Anyway, Ray, being on the ground and knowing the facts prompted this letter. Again I say

you are right all the way and I'm sure that tonight along our far-flung battle lines some 50,000 Elks feel just as I do. Keep up your efforts to give us an ever-increasing supply of those materials we've got to have and the chores will be taken care of by your representatives at the front."

Editors Note: In a forthcoming issue of The Elks Magazine there will be published a feature article presenting another view of the "Har-

vest-the-Game-Crop" controversy.

This Nation's hunters and fishermen currently are the patsys in a little runaround involving an estimated \$10,000,000, earmarked—or so they thought—for fish and game conservation work of one kind and another in various of the country's state fish and game departments.

This tidy sum has been building up as a result of that federal tax on
(Continued on page 37)



ROD AND GUN

**A letter from an officer stationed
somewhere in the Pacific leads
this month's article**

By Ray Trullinger

Editorial

Fathers to be Drafted

SO much has been said and so much has been written about the drafting of fathers of draft age, and out of it all there has come so much at variance that the matter has been in doubt and confusion. It has resulted in many sleepless nights for both fathers and mothers, and even now there is uncertainty, but it seemed to be fairly well established until recently that no call would be made before the first of the year. Of course, no one can say with assurance what is going to happen unless the developments in the war are contrary to what seems probable. However, on August second an order was issued that those between the ages of 18 and 37, both ages inclusive, prepare to be inducted into service after October 1. Those to be reclassified are fathers having children born before September 15, 1942.

Some will be deferred on account of occupation and others on account of mental and physical ailments. The call states that the drafting of fathers has been delayed as long as possible, and until we have reached the point at which we cannot otherwise supply the men needed by the Army, the Navy, the Marine Corps and the Coast Guard. The number and ages of children will not be considered.

THE need for blood donations is greater than ever before, and the establishment of centers for receiving this life-saving fluid marks a further forward step in saving the lives of those on the fighting fronts. Those lodges which acted favorably on our suggestion for the organization of blood donor squads have reason to be proud of what they have done toward winning the war as well as the saving of countless lives.

The Elks were among those first to realize the need for this service which has saved hundreds of lives and which is daily saving the lives of those who some day will be returning to relatives and friends in the home land and who but for this service would be laid to rest in foreign lands. The expansion of our Armed Forces in almost every quarter of the world has called for more and more blood transfusions so that the demand has increased three-fold in recent months and it will continue to increase in the months to come.

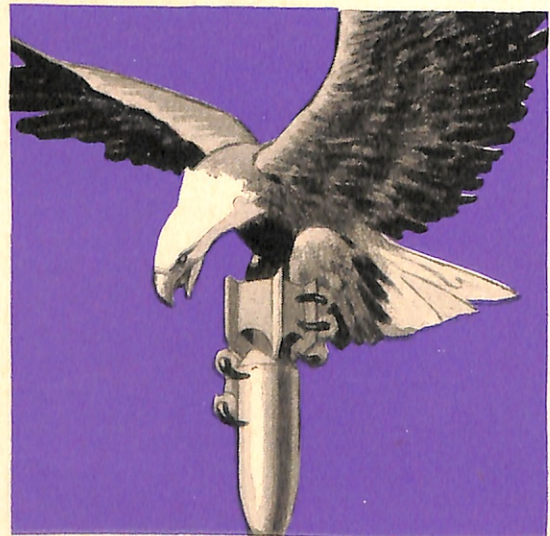
Surgeons have found new uses for blood plasma and even with the improvement in handling, which has been marked, the supply must be increased. There is no better or surer way to help win the war than to donate our blood to save the lives of those who are donating their blood on the fields of battle. In every section of the country the Red Cross has established donation centers to which those willing to give of their blood may go, and their contribution will be thankfully received and properly cared for and forwarded to the points where most needed.

We suggest that those lodges which have not already done so proceed without delay to organize Blood Donor Squads, and handle them in agreement with the local practice. The need is great and delay means that some of our boys overseas will be slower in recovery from their wounds than otherwise would be the case and some may die for lack of blood which your lodges could have supplied. No more important or more personal contribution could be made to the war effort.

Drawing by John Sheridan



CHARITY



JUSTICE

Time for Organization

THIS is vacation time for most people, but not for the Grand Exalted Ruler. It is the busiest time of the year for him, having appointed his District Deputies and arranged for his meetings with them, he must become acquainted with them and outline to them his plans for the year. This involves much study and planning, and it is all up to him. Until these meetings are held there is necessarily a lack of activity in subordinate lodges. They, of course, know in a general way what is expected of them, but they desire to be advised as to what the Grand Exalted Ruler has in mind for special attention. This is a time of the year when many of the lodges have commenced to meet frequently now that the hot season is over. While the Grand Exalted Ruler is arranging for an active year, they are resting preparatory for greater activity during the season which will be ushered in with the winter months.

Not only is the Grand Exalted Ruler busy selecting his District Deputies and arranging for conferences with them, but he is also occupied in selecting his Committeemen and arranging his office for the year's activity. With all of these preliminaries arranged he faces a year's hard work, and may be pardoned for a few days rest and recreation which he is able to fit in with his lodge visitations.

Write to the Boys

HAVE you ever been away from home and so situated that you longed for a letter from father, mother, brother, sister, wife, sweetheart or a mere friend? If so, you appreciate what solace and comfort a letter can bring.

In this war we have hundreds, even thousands of boys in camps and in foreign countries who are eagerly watching every arrival of mail hoping to receive some cheering message from those left behind in the old home town or community. The least you can do is to sit down and write them a nice

long letter giving them the news, telling them how they are missed and expressing the high regard in which they are held for their devotion to duty to our country by enlisting or volunteering for its defense against those who are seeking to destroy it and humble its Flag. If you know where to send such a letter, well and good, but if not, address it to the branch of the Service in which they are serving and trust the Post Office to make delivery. The mere fact that you have written will bring you peace of mind and you may be reasonably sure of its delivery.

Contemplate the satisfaction and joy you thus can bring to your relatives, friends and acquaintances in the Service. It will be worth more to them than you are able to comprehend; it will help to build their morale and send them into the day's work with a song on their lips and rejoicing in their hearts.

They need and are entitled to receive this support and encouragement from those whom they love as well as from those they hold in high regard, whose good opinion they cherish and hope to retain though separated from them for the time being. Whether they have volunteered or have been drafted, our obligation to them is the same and their call on us is equally deserving of attention and of such assistance and support as we may be able to give. We who are still secure in the comforts of our own homes can do this much willingly for those who are not.

Now, dear reader, please do not lay this aside with the thought in mind that the suggestion is good but that it can be complied with tomorrow or at some future date with the same effect. Go to your writing table or desk now and write such a letter or letters today or tonight. You know someone in the Service who will be more than pleased to hear from you through the medium of a bright, cheery, gossipy letter. Just think what this individual has done, is doing and will do for you, and then consider how insignificant in comparison is the return you are making and yet how all-important it will be to him.



BROTHERLY LOVE



FIDELITY

AMERICAN RED CROSS



BLOOD DONOR SERVICE



THE ELKS IN THE WAR

Above are Elks of Oswego, N. Y., Lodge who contributed to the American Red Cross Blood Donor Clinic photographed with officials of the Oswego County Chapter. The tireless work of Oswego Elks made the program an unqualified success.

Below are Est. Loyal Knight Fay Seaman and Est. Leading Knight Ivan Hesson of Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge, shown with slipper material which will be made into slippers for sick and wounded servicemen, under the sponsorship of Tiffin Lodge.



Below: Some of those who attended a dance held at San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge's Fraternal Center for men in the Armed Forces stationed on the Island.





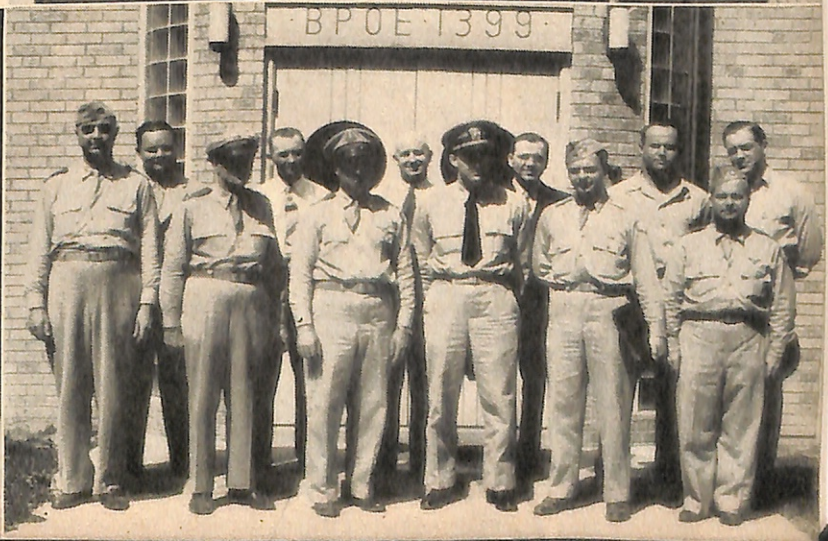
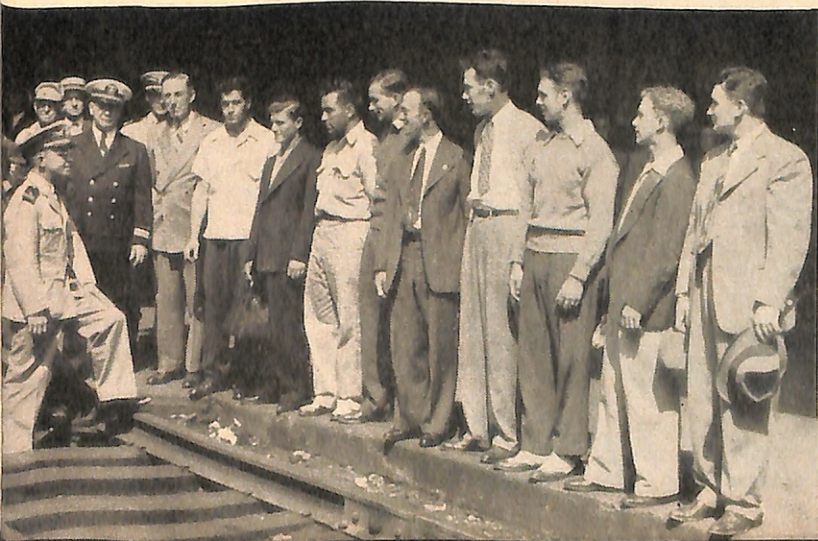
Above are Navy recruits and inductees who are fed three meals a day in the Toledo, Ohio, Lodge dining room at a cost partially subsidized by the Lodge. Toledo Elks, left, volunteer their services in serving the meals.

Right is the Elks day room at the Pocatello Army Base which was completely furnished and equipped by Pocatello, Ida., Lodge. It is one of the show places of the Camp.

Right are members of a committee at Worcester, Mass., which is working with Worcester Lodge to aid in the recruiting of Seabees for Navy construction work.

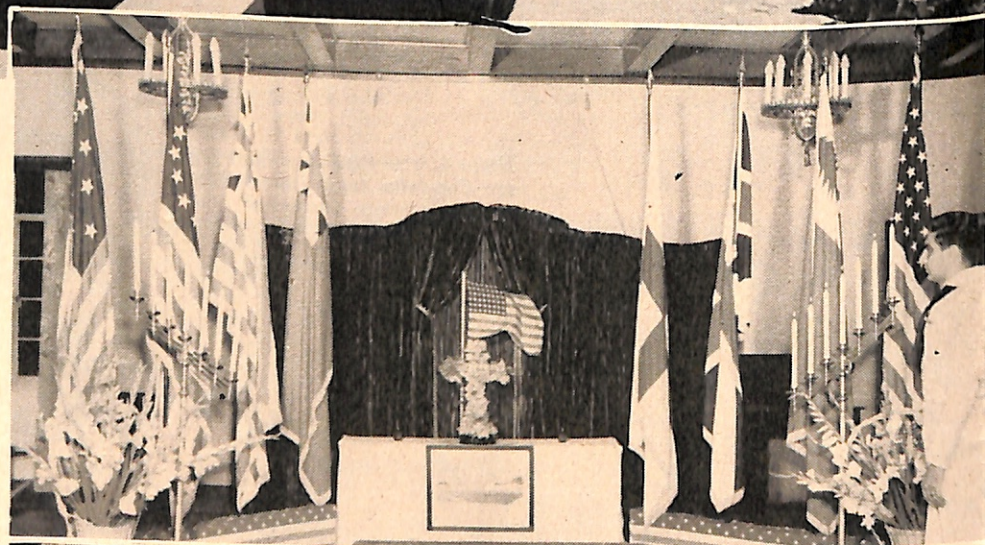
Below, right, are members of the Civilian Air Patrol shown with a delegation from Chadron, Neb., Lodge (back row) who are working in the recruiting service of the Civilian Air Patrol.

Below are some of 300 Seabees blessed before leaving Boston for training. Many of these men were secured by the Medford, Mass., Lodge Recruiting Committee.





Above is part of the million-dollar military parade held at Long Beach, Calif., in connection with Long Beach Lodge's Victory Bond Campaign.



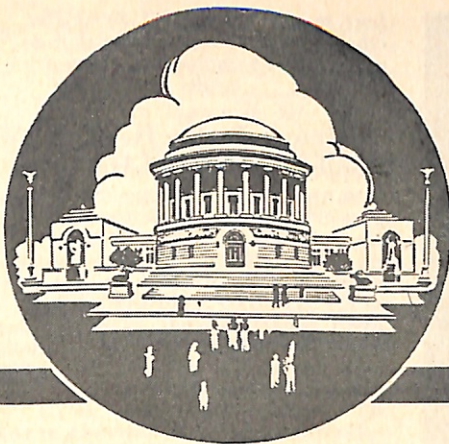
Right: Seaman 1/c Raymond F. O'Malley stands before the cenotaph to the Coast Guard Cutter Escanaba, which was erected at the Grand Haven, Mich., Lodge home as a memorial to those who were lost in the explosion of the warship.



Below are some of the members of the Uniontown, Pa., Lodge committee for recruiting Navy Seabees.



Above is the committee from New London, Conn., Lodge which raised \$3,400 for cigarettes to be sent to servicemen.



Grand Lodge Officers and Committees 1943-1944

GRAND EXALTED RULER

FRANK J. LONERGAN, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 448, Morgan Building

GRAND ESTEEMED LEADING KNIGHT

HOWARD R. DAVIS, Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. Grit Publishing Company

GRAND ESTEEMED LOYAL KNIGHT

JOSEPH BURKE, Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4. 30 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 2, Ill.

GRAND ESTEEMED LECTURING KNIGHT

ARTHUR L. BARNES, Lewiston, Ida., Lodge, No. 896. 219 Prospect Avenue

GRAND SECRETARY

J. E. MASTERS, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) Elks National Memorial Headquarters Building, 2750 Lake View Avenue, Chicago 14, Ill.

GRAND TREASURER

GEORGE M. McLEAN, El Reno, Okla., Lodge, No. 743. Box 167

GRAND TILER

JOHN T. NELSON, Barre, Vt., Lodge, No. 1535. 43 Park Street

GRAND INNER GUARD

IRA R. WEST, Marquette, Mich., Lodge, No. 405. 1240 North 2nd St.

GRAND CHAPLAIN

REVEREND FATHER P. H. McGEOUGH, (Valley City, N. D., Lodge, No. 1110) Sanborn, N. D.

GRAND ESQUIRE

(To be appointed)

SECRETARY TO GRAND EXALTED RULER

CHARLES C. BRADLEY, Portland, Ore., Lodge, No. 142. Suite 448, Morgan Building

BOARD OF GRAND TRUSTEES

JOSEPH B. KYLE, Chairman, Gary, Ind., Lodge, No. 1152. 1545 West Fifth Avenue

WADE H. KEPNER, Vice-Chairman, Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, No. 28. 1308 Chapline Street

JOHN E. DRUMMEY, Secretary, Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92. 1702 Broadway

CHARLES E. BROUGHTON, Approving Member, Sheboygan, Wis., Lodge, No. 299. 626-636 Center Avenue

ROBERT S. BARRETT, Home Member, Alexandria, Va., Lodge, No. 758. 404 Duke Street

GRAND FORUM

JOHN M. McCABE, Chief Justice, Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. 2532 Meadowwood Drive

HENRY G. WENZEL, JR., (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) 115-01 85th Avenue, Richmond Hill, N. Y.

GEORGE W. BRUCE, Montrose, Colo., Lodge, No. 1053. Box 456

ALLEN B. HANNAY, Houston, Tex., Lodge, No. 151. Court House

L. A. LEWIS, (Anaheim, Calif., Lodge, No. 1345) 1109 Rowan Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

COMMITTEE ON JUDICIARY

CLYDE E. JONES, Chairman, Ottumwa, Ia., Lodge, No. 347. Union Bank & Trust Company Building

JOHN E. MCLLEN, Providence, R. I., Lodge, No. 14. 1011 Turkshead Building

JAMES R. GARRISON, Warrensburg, Mo., Lodge, No. 673. County Court House

C. WESLEY KILLEBREW, Augusta, Ga., Lodge, No. 205. 411-415 Marion Building

BENJAMIN F. WATSON, Lansing, Mich., Lodge, No. 196

COMMITTEE ON CREDENTIALS

WILBUR P. BAIRD, Chairman, Greenville, Pa., Lodge, No. 145. 230 Main Street

WILLIAM A. UTHMEIER, Marshfield, Wis., Lodge, No. 665. Box 48

ROSS IRLE, Beckley, W. Va., Lodge, No. 1452. 201 Beaver Avenue

HAROLD M. McNEIL, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge, No. 85

HARRY K. REID, Birmingham, Ala., Lodge, No. 79. 306-307 Massey Building

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STANLEY J. SHOOK, Topeka, Kans., Lodge, No. 204. 111 East Eighth Avenue

JAMES L. MCGOVERN, Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge, No. 36. The Bridgeport Post, The Bridgeport Post and Telegram, 410 State Street

FRANK W. THURMAN, Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566. 1240 Walnut Street

WALTER G. PENRY, Delaware, O., Lodge, No. 76. 110 North Sandusky Street

AUDITING COMMITTEE

GEORGE W. LOUDERMILK, Chairman, Dallas, Tex., Lodge, No. 71. White-Plaza Hotel

NAVE G. LEIN, Spokane, Wash., Lodge, No. 228

JOHN J. HORAN, Manchester, N. H., Lodge, No. 146

STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE

J. C. TRAVIS, Chairman, Omaha, Neb., Lodge, No. 39. 618 Keeline Building

MAX LINDHEIMER, Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173. 335 West Fourth Street

ALBERT W. ARNOLD, Lincoln, Ill., Lodge, No. 914

AUGUST F. GREINER, Perth Amboy, N. J., Lodge, No. 784

GLENN L. MILLER, Logansport, Ind., Lodge, No. 66

ANTLERS COUNCIL

CHARLES T. REYNOLDS, Chairman, Vallejo, Calif., Lodge, No. 559

FRED L. BOHN, Zanesville, O., Lodge, No. 114

FRANK G. MITZEL, Detroit, Mich., Lodge, No. 34. 1313 Dime Bank Building

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JAMES R. NICHOLSON, Secretary and Treasurer, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) Room 506, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

MICHAEL F. SHANNON, Assistant Secretary and Assistant Treasurer, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99. Citizens National Bank Building, Los Angeles 13, Calif.

JOHN K. TENER, (Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, No. 494) Oliver Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION TRUSTEES

JOHN F. MALLEY, Chairman, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) 15 State Street, Boston 9, Mass.

RAYMOND BENJAMIN, Vice-Chairman, (Napa, Calif., Lodge, No. 832) Newtown Avenue and Crooked Mile, R.F.D. No. 3, Westport, Conn.

FLOYD E. THOMPSON, Secretary, (Moline, Ill., Lodge, No. 556) 11 South La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

JAMES G. McFARLAND, Treasurer, Watertown, S. D., Lodge, No. 838

EDWARD RUCHTOR, New Orleans, La., Lodge, No. 30. 1340 Canal Bank Building

CHARLES H. GRAKELOW, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2. Broad Street at Cumberland

MURRAY HUIBERT, New York, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1. 2201 U. S. Court House

ELKS WAR COMMISSION

JAMES R. NICHOLSON, Chairman, (Springfield, Mass., Lodge, No. 61) Room 506, 21 East 40th Street, New York 16, N. Y.

JAMES T. HALLINAN, Vice-Chairman and Treasurer, (Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878) Room 1107, 475 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

EDWARD J. McCORMICK, Secretary, Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53. The Ohio Bldg

HENRY C. WARNER, Assistant Treasurer, Dixon, Ill., Lodge, No. 779

JOHN E. COEN, (Sterling, Colo., Lodge, No. 1336) Midland Savings Building, Denver, Colo.

DAVE SHOLTZ, (Daytona Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1141) Suite 400, American Bank Building, Miami, Fla.

JOSEPH G. BUCH, Trenton, N. J., Lodge, No. 105. 732 Broad Street

Bank Building, Trenton 8, N. J.

JOHN S. McCLELLAND, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78. 218 Court House

EMMETT T. ANDERSON, Tacoma, Wash., Lodge, No. 174. 756-758 Commerce Street

E. MARK SULLIVAN, Boston, Mass., Lodge, No. 10. 209 Washington Street, Boston 8, Mass.

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia

The Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., is maintained as a residence for aged and indigent members of the Order. It is neither an infirmary nor a hospital. Applications for admission to the Home must be made in writing, on blanks furnished by the Grand Secretary and signed by the applicant. All applications must be approved by the subordinate lodge of which the applicant is a member, at a regular meeting and forwarded

to the Secretary of the Board of Grand Trustees. The Board of Grand Trustees shall pass on all applications. For all laws governing the Elks National Home, see Grand Lodge Statutes, Title I, Chapter 9, Sections 62 to 69a, inclusive. For information regarding the Home, address Robert S. Barrett, Home Member, Board of Grand Trustees, 404 Duke Street, Alexandria, Virginia.



Left is a float entered by Tiffin, Ohio, Lodge in a patriotic parade which is an annual community affair.

Baltimore Lodge Has Sold War Bonds Totaling \$6,160,000

Baltimore, Md., Lodge, No. 7, has been presented with a U. S. Treasury citation for having sold \$6,160,000 in War Bonds since May, 1942, at which time Henry M. Siegel was Exalted Ruler. Of this huge sum, \$2,000,000 represents sales since April 1 of this year. The presentation was a feature of a patriotic celebration held by the lodge in War Memorial Plaza, attended by more than 2,000 persons.

Harper R. Clark, Chairman of the War Bond Committee of No. 7, was congratulated by J. George Eierman, Deputy Administrator of the War Savings Staff of the U. S. Treasury, on the lodge's magnificent achievement, and the men who made possible such outstanding totals in promotion of the victory effort were given full credit by the present Exalted Ruler, Charles A. Hook. The Elks' Bond Campaign this year was conducted by ten teams of twelve men each.

Bronx, N. Y., Elks Donate Blood at Red Cross Center

As a patriotic way of observing the 40th anniversary of their lodge's institution, 38 officers and committee members of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, visited the American Red Cross Blood Donor Center in New York City on June 26. There they donated blood to provide plasma for the Nation's Armed Forces. The blood donor group was organized by Assistant District Attorney Andrew C. McCarthy, Est. Lead. Knight of Bronx Lodge and Chairman of its War Activities Committee.

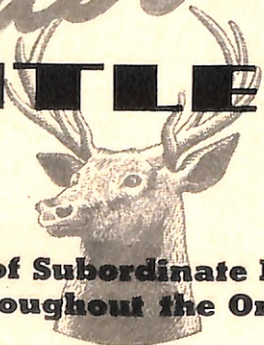
Beloit, Wis., Lodge Observes Its Fortieth Anniversary

The celebration of the 40th anniversary of Beloit, Wis., Lodge, No. 864, began with an afternoon reception at the lodge home followed by a dinner, with entertainment, at the Hotel Hilton, attended by approximately 150 members and visiting Elks. E. R. D. T. Ryan was Master of Ceremonies; John W. Wilkinson was Dinner Chairman. The anniversary program was climaxed later with the initiation of a class of 28 candidates by a team from Janesville Lodge No. 254.

Three charter members, Dr. W. J. Allen, L. Waldo Thompson and Bert Lar-

Below are some of those who were present at the 40th Anniversary celebration of Mt. Pleasant, Pa., Lodge when an Anniversary Class was initiated by the Degree Team from Apollo Lodge.

Under the **ANTLERS**



**News of Subordinate Lodges
Throughout the Order**



Right is the Ritualistic Team of Lyndhurst, N. J., Lodge which won the National Ritualistic Contest at the Convention held in Boston in July.

son, cut the birthday cake. Service pins were presented to them, and to others who have been members for thirty years or more, by Secretary Leroy F. Oswalt.

Boulder Lodge Dedicates Class Of 161 to Secretary Reynolds

On the 24th of June, Boulder, Colo., Lodge, No. 566, climaxed what it modestly called "a little membership drive" with the initiation of the "Uncle Henry Victory Class" of 161 new members. The Class was the largest in the more than 40 years the lodge has been in existence.

Both the drive and the dinner held to celebrate its success served to honor Secretary William H. Reynolds, who took over the office in 1930. At that time, the lodge was in debt to the tune of \$5,000. Now there are no debts and No. 566 is active and prosperous, owns its own home and has, in addition, net assets of nearly \$100,000. The lodge dedicated the Class to him to show appreciation of his untiring efforts in its behalf. The dinner was attended by 560 members.

Braddock, Pa., Lodge Ranks High in Point of Membership

Under the leadership of E.R. Joseph P. Zorn, the lodge year recently ended was one of the most successful in the 40-year history of Braddock, Pa., Lodge, No. 883. The total membership was brought to 1,000 through an increase of 243 members. On the night of his retirement from office, the Exalted Ruler and his father, Charles W. Zorn, an active member for many years, were presented with honorary life memberships in recognition of their services.

Braddock Lodge has subscribed and paid \$1,000 to the Elks War Fund. Two hundred and seventy-six "G" Boxes have been sent to the 101 members of No. 883 who are serving in the U.S. Armed Forces.

Bradenton, Fla., Lodge Holds a Mortgage-Burning Celebration

Assisted by all of the other Past Exalted Rulers of the lodge, P.E.R. S. H. Klemetsrud burned the mortgage on the home of Bradenton, Fla., Lodge, No. 1511, on June 25. The ceremonies were preceded by a buffet dinner at which the lodge's history was reviewed and plans were made for the future of the lodge which has been chartered for eighteen years. The mortgage-burning party was given to celebrate the final payment on the home.

In 1934, the lodge purchased a large colonial mansion surrounded by beauti-



ful palm trees and occupying a square block. Additions and extensive improvements have been made, all of which are completely paid for.

Johnsonburg Elks Burn Mortgage At 43rd Anniversary Dinner

Johnsonburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 612, chose the occasion of its 43rd Anniversary Dinner to burn the mortgage on its beautiful \$45,000 home, constructed in 1927. The dinner, served to 250 members and ladies in the Elks' auditorium, was followed by a program which included the presentation of life memberships by P.E.R. Charles F. Wickwire, Secretary of the lodge, to charter members P.E.R.'s G. C. Smith and G. K. Spence, and George J. Schreiner.

The principal address was delivered by George J. Prosel, former Pennsylvania

Above is shown Miss Babette de Bary, winner of one of the Elks National Foundation's second scholarship awards of \$500. The award was made at the home of Hackensack, N. J., Lodge.

Commander of the American Legion. Among the speakers were E.R. Earl Reinsburrow, D.D. Burt S. Burns, of Reynoldsville, and the Rev. L. D. Foley. Toastmaster J. L. Trambley, P.E.R. of Johnsonburg Lodge, closed the speaking program with a patriotic appeal for full war support and the purchase of War Bonds by members of the Order.

The Elks and their guests enjoyed an evening of dancing and entertainment by artists from Pittsburgh. The Anniversary Committee was headed by Chairman Leon I. Riley.

Below are children of Aidmore, the Elks Crippled Children's Convalescent Home near Atlanta, Ga., when they were entertained by feats of magic by Joseph F. Sonntag.

Dubuque, Ia., Lodge Holds Impressive Patriotic Exercises

The impressiveness of outstanding patriotic exercises held in June by Dubuque, Ia., Lodge, No. 297, was en-





Above are members of a class of candidates initiated into Jeffersonville, Ind., Lodge in memory of A. Frank Williams, the first member of the lodge to be killed in action in this war.



Left is one of the two groups of boys who were sent to camp by Tamaqua, Pa., Lodge.

hanced by the participation of the mother, father and sister of the five Sullivan brothers who lost their lives in a naval engagement in the Pacific last November.

Among the 200 persons assembled on the south porch of the lodge home, where the program was presented, were those who took part, including E.R. Arthur A. Meyer and his officers, D.D. Louis B. Bray, of Dubuque, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Sullivan and Miss Genevieve Sullivan,

Mrs. Clifford Scott, Dubuque's first Gold Star Mother of World War II, whose son was lost at Pearl Harbor, Navy officers and Naval Air Cadets. Approximately 2,500 people attended. The entire program was broadcast over Station KDTH, and that part in which the Sullivans participated was broadcast nationally over the Mutual Broadcasting Company system.

A highlight of the program was the induction into the Navy of 18 local volun-

teers, 17 years of age, as members of the "Sullivan Avenger Class". Lieutenant Commander Truman Jones was the officiating officer. Mr. and Mrs. Sullivan and their daughter were guests of Dubuque Lodge at dinner that evening at the Bunker Hill Golf Club.

Bernard S. McHugh, P.E.R. of Watertown, Mass., Lodge, Dies

Senior Past Exalted Ruler Bernard S. McHugh, holder of Card No. 1 in Watertown, Mass., Lodge, No. 1513, passed away on Sunday, June 6. In his death the lodge has lost a valuable member and the community an outstanding citizen.

Mr. McHugh was foremost among the organizers of Watertown Lodge. Among his attributes were the virtues of loyalty and generosity, and in the lodge home are many evidences of his feeling for his lodge, constant reminders of his benefactions. In 1932-33, Mr. McHugh served as District Deputy for the Massachusetts Central District.

Left are the new officers of the Indiana State Elks Association.



Below are orphans who were entertained at an annual picnic and outing held by Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge.





Above are members of Lakewood, Ohio, Lodge shown with the tully equipped Packard station wagon which they presented to the local Red Cross Chapter.

Right are some of the Elks of Washington, N. J., Lodge who were present at the annual clambake.



Lake City Lodge Initiates Many Men from U. S. Naval Air Station

The membership of Lake City, Fla., Lodge, No. 893, has been increased considerably through the initiation of men from the U. S. Naval Air Station at Lake City. Twenty-one officers and petty officers were inducted last year during the term of Frank E. Thompson as Exalted Ruler.

More than 70 members of No. 893, a comparatively small lodge, are serving in the several branches of the U. S. Service. The lodge makes every effort to expand the rather limited recreational facilities at Lake City for the personnel of the Air Station, and officers and enlisted men are entertained frequently. Dances, suppers and fish fries have been thoroughly enjoyed and well attended.

Iron Lung, Bought Through St. Augustine Lodge, Saves a Life

The Iron Lung at St. Augustine, Fla., purchased through community effort under the sponsorship of St. Augustine Lodge No. 829, saved the life, recently, of a soldier from Camp Blanding. The young man, who had been surf-bathing with others of his Division, narrowly escaped death from drowning. After

Right: Members of Greensburg, Pa., Lodge are shown at the burning of the mortgage on the Lodge home.

Below is a class of candidates recently initiated into San Juan, Puerto Rico, Lodge.

treatment at the beach, he was placed in the Lung at Flagler Hospital where it is kept ready for use when needed, and the next afternoon he was able to return to camp.

Panama Canal Zone Lodge Names A Class for Robert W. Glaw

Panama Canal Zone (Balboa), Lodge No. 1414 initiated the Robert W. Glaw Class on May 26 in honor of its Treasurer. One of the 25 members of the class was initiated for Daytona Beach, Fla.,

Lodge, No. 1141. Mr. Glaw, a charter member of No. 1414, was Treasurer when the charter was granted in 1925.

Every year the lodge presents a Canal Zone Junior College scholarship to an American student who is in the upper quarter of his class, has been in the Balboa High School for at least two years and has performed outstanding school work in American History, American Problems and School Citizenship. The selection is made by a committee of Elks and members of the faculty. This year, as announced by E.R. John G.





Above are members of Cut Bank, Mont., Lodge who were present at the burning of the \$50,000 mortgage on their building. A class of candidates was initiated to celebrate the occasion.



Left are those who were present when Warren, Ohio, Lodge gave a dinner for Lt. William Crawford, Jr., U. S. Army Air Force, of nearby Niles, Ohio. Lt. Crawford, home on a 15-day furlough, is the winner of nine decorations.

McCoy, the scholarship for 1943-44 and 1944-45 was won by Miss Derry Ann Ellis, of Balboa. She was presented with the award at exercises held at the Balboa High School.

Kokomo Lodge Holds Outing For School Safety Patrol

Kokomo, Ind., Lodge, No. 190, recently entertained 325 members of the local School Safety Patrol at an all-day outing at Highland Park Field. An annual event since 1927, when the Patrol was organized, the party was given in recognition of the splendid work performed by the youngsters in maintaining a high record of safety. No child has been killed going to or coming from school since the Patrol was established.

Featured on the picnic program were

stunts and games, sack races, and a baseball game between the boys of the north side of the city and the south side. The Elks served a noon dinner and provided entertainment for the enjoyment of their guests.

P.E.R. Fred D. Willoughby, Aspen, Colo., Elk, Is Dead

Aspen, Colo., Lodge, No. 224, has lost a well loved member in the death of Fred D. Willoughby, Exalted Ruler of the lodge in 1930-31. At the time of his passing, he was Mayor of Aspen, President of the Pitkin County Bank and President of the Midnight Mining Company,

Below: A class of candidates initiated into Medford, Ore., Lodge some time ago.

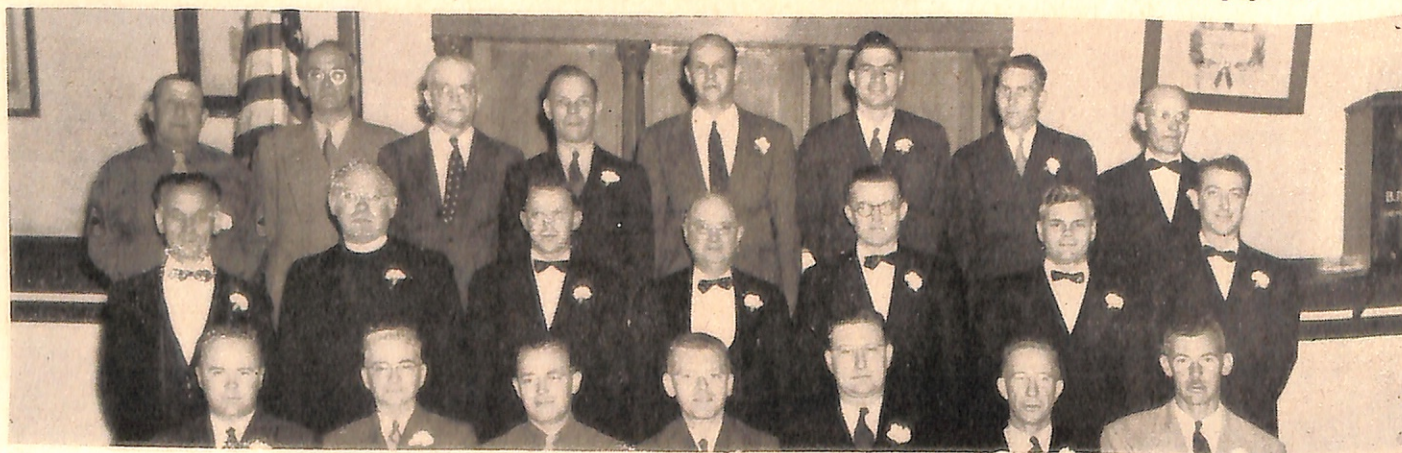
one of the largest silver producing mines in Western Colorado.

Mr. Willoughby was born in Denver in 1870, but had been a resident of Aspen since 1921. He was active in lodge work for many years.

Warren, O., Lodge Presents Awards to Honor Students

Twenty-three members of the June graduating class of the Harding High School were honored recently by Warren, O., Lodge, No. 295. The presentation of a special cash award to each honor student, made by the Elks' Social and Community Welfare Committee, was a feature of the semiannual "Scholarship Day" program. The awards were for scholarship only and covered individually the fields of English, Social Sciences, Latin, Mathematics, Civics and World History.

(Continued on page 30)





GRAND EXALTED RULER'S *Visits*

GRAND EXALTED RULER FRANK J. LONERGAN was the guest of **DUBUQUE, IA., LODGE NO. 297**, on July 20, at a dinner given in his honor and attended by the officers of the lodge and a number of Past Exalted Rulers. Also present was P.E.R. Louis B. Bray, D.D. for Iowa, Northeast. The meeting was presided over by Arthur A. Meyer, E.R. of Dubuque Lodge.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's home lodge, **PORTLAND, ORE., NO. 142**, assisted by civic organizations of the city, gave a banquet in honor of Mr. Lonergan on Tuesday evening, August 3, at the Multnomah Hotel. The banquet room, accommodating more than 400, was filled to capacity. Among those in attendance

were the Honorable Earl Snell, Governor of Oregon, Secretary of State Robert S. Farrell, Jr., P.E.R. of Portland Lodge, State Treasurer Leslie M. Scott, U.S. Senator Rufus Holman, Congressman Homer Angell, Archbishop Edward D. Howard, U.S. Customs Court Judge William A. Ekwall, P.E.R., who presided as Toastmaster and introduced the Grand Exalted Ruler, J. O. Bailey, Chief Justice of the State Supreme Court, and Harvey L. Armes, of Bend Lodge, Pres. of the Ore. State Elks Assn. Also present were Mayor Earl Riley, all of the Portland city officials, members of the local Chamber of Commerce, many Past Exalted Rulers of lodges in Oregon and the State of Washington, and a large number of

Portland Elks and other citizens, altogether a representative body.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan delivered an eloquent, forceful address, which was received with great enthusiasm. Governor Snell and Mayor Riley paid tribute to Mr. Lonergan's leadership, and State Senator Lew Wallace, E.R. of Portland Lodge, U.S. Senator Holman and Pat Lonergan, the Grand Exalted Ruler's brother, were among others who spoke briefly.

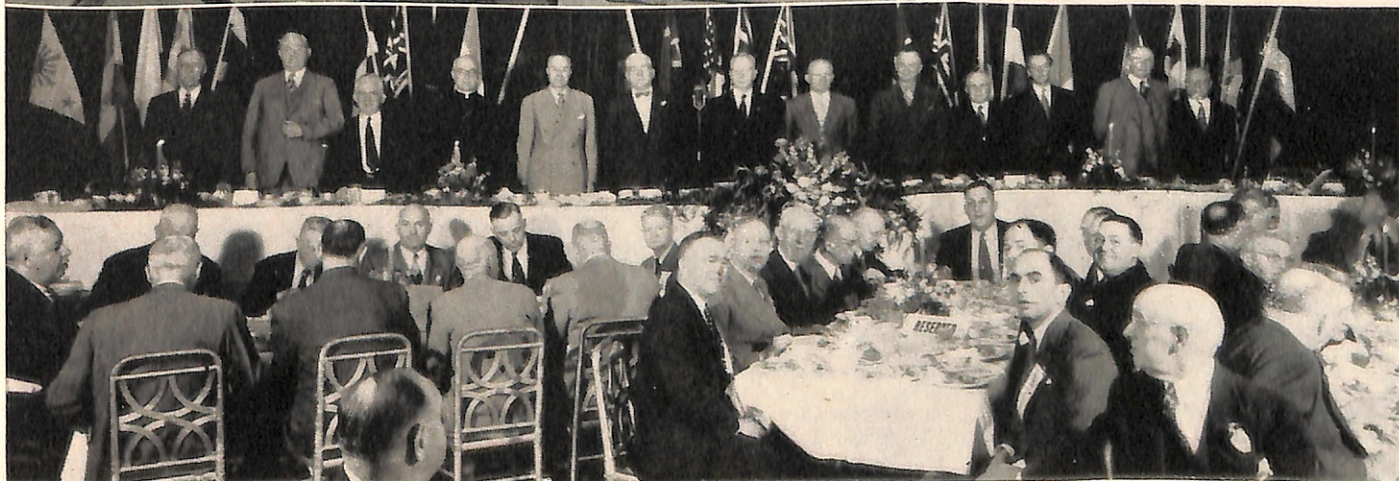
On August 5, Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan, accompanied by his executive secretary, P.E.R. C. C. Bradley, of Portland Lodge, and Secretary of State Robert S. Farrell, Jr., newly appointed District Deputy for Oregon, Northwest, arrived in Salt Lake City, Utah, for the purpose of holding a Conference with District Deputies of the eleven Western States. He was met at the depot by a committee of members of **SALT LAKE CITY LODGE NO. 85**, headed by E.R. Douglas F. Tanner, and escorted to his headquarters at the Utah Hotel. There he was joined later by Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Chicago, Grand Secretary, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Boston, Mass., and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, of Denver, Colo. On Friday evening, August 6, a dinner and a reception were tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party by Exalted Ruler Tanner and the members of No. 85 at the lodge home. The next morning at ten o'clock, the Conference was opened in the lodge room of Salt Lake City Lodge with an address by the Grand Exalted Ruler to his District Deputies in which he outlined his program for the coming year. His message was enthusiastically acclaimed. At the close of his address, the Grand Exalted Ruler administered the oath of office to the District Deputies.

The Conference was then addressed by Grand Secretary Masters who outlined the duties of the District Deputies in connection with the office of the Grand Secretary, and also by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation Trust.

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Left: Mr. Lonergan, as the guest of Brig. General H. L. Whittaker, looks over the Quartermaster Corps on the occasion of his official visit to Cne, enne, Wyo., Lodge.

Below are some of those who were present at the banquet tendered the Grand Exalted Ruler at Portland, Ore., Lodge.



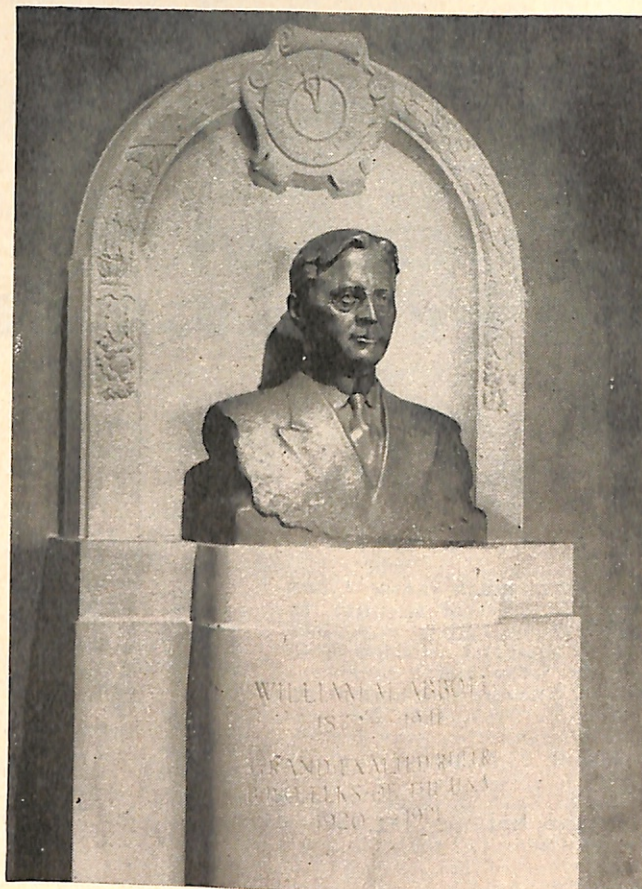
GRAND LODGE MEMORIAL TO WILLIAM M. ABBOTT IS DEDICATED AT SAN FRANCISCO LODGE

A bronze bust of Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, placed by the Grand Lodge in the Home of San Francisco Lodge of Elks, was dedicated and unveiled on Sunday afternoon, June 20th, 1943. Under the direction of the Abbott Memorial Commission of the Grand Lodge, consisting of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Chairman, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Raymond Benjamin, Fred B. Mellmann, Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, and John J. Lermen, Past President of the California State Elks Association, appropriate exercises were held at San Francisco, Calif., Lodge, No. 3. Representatives of subordinate lodges from all parts of California were present to join in a tribute to the memory of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Abbott.

The unveiling ceremony was preceded by a memorial service in the lodge room which was beautifully decorated for the occasion. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Shannon presided over the services and the eulogy was delivered by Mr. Mellmann.

The memorial was unveiled by Mr. Lermen, a lifelong friend of Mr. Abbott, who proposed Mr. Abbott's application in San Francisco Lodge nearly fifty years ago.

The bust, done in bronze, is the work of Haig Patigian, noted sculptor of San Francisco. The sculptor has created a striking likeness, and all of the simple dignity and kindness of Mr. Abbott are reflected in the bronze. Standing as it does, near the entrance to the magnificent home of San Francisco Lodge, the monument is an inspiration to all Elks passing through the portals of the building.



Memorial Bust to Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott, in the Home of San Francisco, Calif., Lodge.

News of the State Associations

Woonsocket Lodge Is Host to the R. I. State Elks Association

The Rhode Island State Elks Association convened at Woonsocket Lodge No. 850 on June 27, elected new officers and voted to hold its annual meeting next year at Providence. Among the speakers were the Grand Exalted Ruler, E. Mark Sullivan, and his executive secretary, John F. Burke, both of Boston, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, P.D.D. John E. Mullen, Providence, a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary, retiring President Alfred H. Chapman, of Westerly, and D.D. Dr. Ambrose H. Lynch, Providence.

Miss Ruth E. Erickson, of Millville, Mass., graduated from Blackstone High School with high honors, was the recipient of the Elks' annual \$300 scholarship award.

John C. Buckley, of Providence Lodge, was elected President of the Association. The other officers elected are: Vice-Pres.-at-Large, Thomas E. Harding, Pawtucket; 2nd Vice-Pres., Howard L. Goodwin, Newport; 3rd Vice-Pres., Anthony F. Lawrence, Woonsocket; 4th Vice-Pres., Richard J. Butler, Westerly; Secy., Thomas H. McGovern, Providence; Treas., Dr. Edward C. Morin, Pawtucket; Trustees: John Baldwin, Pawtucket, and William F. Donovan, Westerly.

The Pa. State Elks Association Convenes at Williamsport

The annual meeting of the Pennsylvania State Elks Association, limited this year to a two-day business and war conference, was held in Williamsport, Pa., on Monday and Tuesday, August 23-24, with more than 500 officers, committeemen and delegates in attendance. Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan was the honor guest. Accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, Mr. Lonergan reached Williamsport on Sunday afternoon in time for the annual Past Presidents "Scrap Heap Dinner" and remained for the five convention sessions held during the meeting which was also attended by Past Grand Exalted Rulers John K. Tener, of Charleroi, Pa., Lodge, and Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan's message to the Elks of Pennsylvania, delivered at the Monday morning session, was voted one of the most inspiring ever given by a national head of the Order to the Elks of the Keystone State. It drew in reply a resolution committing members of the lodges to an all-out war program and the promise of an increase in membership of five thousand toward the goal of fifty thousand set by the Grand Exalted Ruler for the coming year.

A feature of the session at which the report of the Student Aid Committee, headed by Past President Grakelow, was made, featured the appearance of Miss Mary McMillion, of Gettysburg, a third prize winner in the Elks National Foundation Trustees' "Most Valuable Student Contest". In addition to the \$400 she received at the national convention at Boston, Miss McMillion was presented with \$100 by the State Association and \$200 from Gettysburg Lodge No. 1045. Other awards of \$200 were made by the Association to a half dozen young men of the State.

In the absence of State President K. L. Shirk, of Lancaster, now a Major and on overseas duty with the United States Army, Vice-President Ralph C. Robinson opened the meeting and then turned the gavel over to Past President Howard R. Davis, of Williamsport, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, who presided at the sessions. The annual election of officers resulted as follows: Pres., Ralph C. Robinson, Wilkesburg; Vice-Pres., Wilbur P. Baird, Greenville; Secy., (reelected) William S. Gould, Scranton; Treas., (reelected) Charles S. Brown, Allegheny; Trustee, George M. Kirk, West Chester. The officers were installed at the close of the final afternoon session on Tuesday, with Past President F. J. Schrader, of Allegheny Lodge, acting as installing officer.

Balkan Strategy

(Continued from page 9)

There was no one about but Macek and the mountains, but the soldier, still grinning, went and whispered in his officer's ear.

"Eh? Nonsense!" said the officer. But he stared at the boy. Then he said, "Hah! We'll see!"

He swaggered a little, unconsciously. Macek suddenly looked like a dead man. The boy pressed against him, shivering and speechless.

"No arms? No papers? Hm. . . . What's in that bag?"

The soldier opened it. There was the glint of steel. He held up a heavy-handed, keen-pointed knife. Another. He unceremoniously dumped the contents of the bag. There were a dozen and a half knives, all exactly alike, all brightly polished, and all with the indefinable air of the theatre about them. But they were heavy, and their points were very keen, and they could be deadly.

"They are the—knives with which I perform, *Herr Oberlieutenant*," said Macek. He swallowed. "I practice with them one hour every day, so that I may not lose my skill."

The officer looked again at the boy. Then he regarded Macek.

"Weapons!" he said. There was levity in his tone, but his words were measured and stern. "You know that all weapons were ordered to be surrendered! You know the penalty for concealing them! It is death by shooting!"

"It is—my profession, *Herr Oberlieutenant*," said Macek firmly, though his voice cracked. "They are theatrical properties. My papers describe my profession, *Meinherr*."

The officer seemed to consider, suppressing amusement.

"You—" He addressed the boy. "Have you anything to say?"

The boy licked his lips and spoke with difficulty.

"It is—as my uncle says, *Meinherr*," he said in a thin voice which had not changed yet. "He is a theatrical artist, and I am his assistant. If you let him throw the knives at me—"

The officer shook his head.

"Ach, no! His story does not ring true! He probably cannot throw knives at all. If he can, it may be that he goes into the mountains to teach the *Chetniks* a new method of assassinating good German soldiers!"

"*Herr Oberlieutenant*," protested Macek hoarsely. "I will swear any oath that it is true! I am not a young man any longer. We were to go to the village of my relatives in the mountains. I hoped to teach my art to—my nephew so that my skill would not be altogether lost. No one else! I swear it, *Meinherr*! I swear it!"

The officer shook his head with finality. But he looked at the boy.

"You, Macek," he said sternly, "for speaking of bribes and carrying

weapons, shall be sent back to headquarters for questioning. I have authority to shoot you, but I am considerate. You shall be questioned, and if your story is true you may be set free. You may be! But you go to headquarters, charged with concealing weapons and offering bribes! Your—nephew"—there was a deliberate pause before the noun—"your—nephew need not go."

"You mean, *Meinherr*," asked Macek desperately, "you will let him go on across the bridge?"

There were other soldiers watching the byplay, now. There were eight men, altogether, at this post. A whisper had passed among them. They grinned. They watched the boy. The officer felt that he had an audience, now, and he swaggered and partly concealed a smile behind his hand.

"They are not gentle, at headquarters, with prisoners sent back for examination!" he said solemnly. "So out of kindness to your nephew we will merely detain him here until we receive orders to send him on or let him go. Suspicious company. Apparently harmless. Held for instructions. Respectfully suggest his release."

He glanced at his men, and their grins flattered him.

"*Meinherr*," said Macek desperately, "I beg you to let him go on! He is weary and he has been hungry

for a very long time. Let him go on to my relatives and they will give him food and take care of him. I am an artist, *Meinherr*. I have known much suffering. But he is yet young. As an artist who has been applauded by crowned heads, I swear—"

"I am being very lenient," said the officer. He enjoyed this comedy. It was amusing to watch the stark terror on the boy's face. "Actually, I think you have stolen some actor's clothing and his papers. Your clothes do not fit. They were made for a larger man. Very suspicious!"

"I have starved, *Meinherr*," said Macek in a desperate urgency. Beads of sweat stood out on his face. He knew that he was being mocked, but he could only play the part assigned him "I am an artist, *Meinherr*! Let me prove it. But give me my knives and point out any target—"

"Arm you?" asked the officer in mock anger. He beckoned to the sentry. "Otto, if this man touches one of these knives, shoot him dead!"

Macek wrung his hands. The boy shivered. His eyes were wide and filled with a horrified terror. He spoke in a queer whisper, "*Meinherr*! Before you send my uncle away, but let him prove his artistry!" The boy's lips quivered. "I will stand and he will prove that he does not miss! He has prom—"

"Promised what?" The officer grinned openly at the boy. And the



"No, thank you. I've been smoking too much lately."

boy's pallor was suddenly replaced by a crimson flood, which ebbed away to marble-like pallor again. "After all, we only intend to keep you here until your uncle's case is passed upon. But what did he promise? To throw his knives and kill anyone who would have barred his way? Did he say that?"

The boy spoke, dry-throated.

"No, *Meinherr*. He only said that he would teach me his art."

"Hm . . . Hm . . ." The officer glanced sideways at his men, and then said, "*Ach*, now, if he has told the truth, he would have instructed you! Can you also throw knives?"

"Not yet, *Meinherr*! I have but begun to learn." But the boy's hands were shaking so that no skilled effort could have been expected of them in any case. "I—am not accurate. I—have not practiced long."

"*Sehr gut*," said the officer. "I think he lies. I am sure of it! But I do not trust knives into his hand. Yet you, now, you do not look as if you would kill even us Germans."

"N-no, *Meinherr*! No! No!" The boy gasped it.

"Then we will trust knives in your pretty hand. If your uncle has instructed you properly, we will let you both go across the bridge. We will believe him. But if he has not taught you—"

Even the sentry made no pretense of vigilance, watching this byplay. The watching soldiers grinned expectantly, awaiting their officer's completion of a jest as yet obscure.

"We will stand your uncle against a door," said the officer, with a fine pretense of judicial fairness, "and you shall throw the knives at him. If you do well, it will be proof that he is what he says and that you are really his assistant and he has taught you. If you do badly—"

"*Meinherr*! I—I cannot!" The boy panted it as the soldiers laughed suddenly. "You—do not mean it, *Meinherr*! I cannot! I am not able!"

"*Ach*, then he lied! It is clear. We need not send him back to headquarters. Franz, Herman,—you men get your rifles and prepare to act as a firing-squad."

MACEK, standing in the glaring sunlight of the road, was merely a smallish man who had once been stout, but whose embroidered red silk waistcoat now hung in folds about his belly. He had wrung his hands in despair, and he had pleaded with desperation and abjectness. But now he suddenly straightened his shoulders.

"*Meinherr*," he said in an unsteady voice, "my nephew is frightened. He is quite able to prove to you that I am the artist I have claimed. But let me calm him a little, and he will surely satisfy you. Come now," he addressed the boy more steadily. "These *Herren* will not harm you. Take hold of yourself! Steady your hands! Do you not remember how I praised you only a week since?"

"I—I cannot!" gasped the boy.

"But you can!" insisted Macek sharply. "I command it! Look you, now! The *Herren* will not be unreasonable. First you will throw wide. Into the door, but wide of me. Three—four—five such practice casts! To get the range and steady your hands! And then closer, and closer. The *Herren* will be lenient until you regain your confidence."

He looked about him.

"That door will do, *Meinherr*," he said, "if I may use it as a target to stand against."

He pointed to the door of the house from which the officer had emerged. He walked steadily toward it as the officer shrugged, smiling with narrowed eyes.

"You should not try the full range," he told his nephew. He spoke in the calmly confident tone of an instructor to a novice. "You have not eaten well lately, and the knives are heavy and you are tired. Seven metres will be enough to satisfy the *Herren*." He explained to the officer, "I myself, *Herr Oberlieutenant*, have thrown fifteen metres on a large stage, but the boy is not equal to that yet. May I suggest that the spectators stand behind him? If he sees no one watching, it will disturb him less."

The officer nodded. He chewed his lip reflectively. One of his men said something in a low tone. The officer replied in an equally low tone, with a brief grin. The man guffawed, and told the others. They trooped to regard the spectacle. Even the sentry moved away from the end of the bridge to see more clearly, his rifle across his arm.

Macek stood against the door, with the sunlight slanting across him. He did not have to blink to regard the boy, nor did the boy have the sun in his eyes. But the boy shook and trembled. It seemed as if he struggled against a mixture of stark panic with something closely resembling horror. Macek extended his arms, his elbows level with his shoulders and his hands held upright.

"Now," he said sharply, "attention! You will use the blade throw. Hold lightly by the tip. To throw by the handle is not yet certain for you. Only an artist can throw from any position, and you are not yet an artist. Hold the knife firmly, yet gently. Swing to get the feel of it . . . So! Do you feel the balance?"

"No!" gasped the boy. "I—I cannot!"

"Bah!" said Macek, impatiently. "Throw above my head. Into the lintel above the door. The *Herren* know that you are embarrassed. They will forgive a little clumsiness. Throw!"

The boy swayed. The knife wavered back and forth. Then, with a sound like a sob, the boy threw. The knife-blade twinkled in the sunlight. There was a thud and a clanging sound. The knife dropped to the ground.

"A bit high," said Macek, reprovingly. Sweat-droplets coalesced on

his forehead and streamed down his face, streaking it. He went on, dictatorially, "A shade less turn. Again!"

The boy shivered. With staring eyes, he threw a second knife. There was a sharp, smacking thud. The knife stuck into the door at the level of Macek's head and within inches of his upheld palm.

"That is better," said Macek in the same crisp, taut tone. "You are doing well. You will do better. No haste, now. You are an apprentice. I wish that the *herr* to my right would move back a little. His shadow may distract the boy's attention."

The soldier moved back. The boy quivered like a violin-string. He threw again. A shade higher, and closer to Macek's head. Yet again. The knife seemed to touch Macek's ear. He spoke without stirring a hair's breadth.

"You are over-confident, now," he said harshly. "That was a good throw, but you may do two more practice casts."

The boy opened his mouth to gasp a desperate denial of over-confidence, but Macek said sharply, "Throw! The curtain is up! You have an audience! Throw!"

Another knife. High, and on the other side of Macek's head. Another. Barely above his arm. Another and another and another. Macek, his face a chalky gray and with streaks of sweat pouring down it, spoke in the acid, commanding, confident tone of an instructor. His purpose was plainly to hold the boy's full attention. But the strain was too much. The boy began to sob. The sound of a knife. A sob. A sob. The smack of a knife. A gasp and a sob, and the sound of a knife striking home.

"You are doing very well," said Macek, in a voice that despite all his efforts began to have a crack in it. "Once more and the *Herren* will be content."

The boy raised the thirteenth knife, and it wavered back and forth. But sobs began to bubble up in the boy's throat.

"I—I cannot!" he cried throatily. "I—I cannot—"

He burst into tears. The knife dropped to the ground and the boy buried his face in his hands.

"*Ach! Liebchen*," said the officer, grinning. "Do not cry! We will comfort you! A pretty girl should not be going about the country with a mountebank, anyhow, when there are soldiers—"

Macek made a choked sound. He stood, ghastly pale, his hands still extended and upraised as he had stood during all the parody of a test.

"*Herr Oberlieutenant*," he cried desperately, "did my nephew pass the test? May he cross the bridge?"

"But was your body outlined by the knives?" asked the officer, amusedly. "*Ach*, no! Your assistant has been badly taught or not at all. You have made her ashamed, besides! You have scolded her! You go back to headquarters for questioning, and



*"Not if you were
Beethoven, personally!"*

CONDUCTOR: Camel, let us understand each other. I would not let you appear with my orchestra if you were Ludwig van Beethoven himself, personally!

CAMEL: No, Maestro?

CONDUCTOR: No, Camel. No. No. NO!

CAMEL: Not even if I told you that I was the Paul Jones Camel? The living symbol of the *dryness* in dry Paul Jones Whiskey?

CONDUCTOR: Not even if you told me you were the—Hey! Did you say a *dry* whiskey? Like a dry Champagne?

CAMEL: But assuredly, Effendi. Do you not know that this jewel among whiskeys, this superlative Paul Jones, possesses the quality of *dryness*? Sahib, it is this *dryness*, or lack of sweetness, which brings out all that rich, peerless flavor which has made Paul Jones so justly famous.

CONDUCTOR: And this, Camel, was what you wished to say here tonight?

CAMEL: But what else, Effendi? For am I not the living symbol and chief prophet of the *dryness* in the wondrous and modestly priced Paul Jones?

CONDUCTOR: My friend, you will not only speak here tonight . . . but I, Myself, personally will set your speech to music!

*The very best buy
is the whiskey that's dry*



An Explanation to Our Friends

IF YOUR bar or package store is sometimes out of Paul Jones, please be patient. We are trying to apportion our prewar stocks to assure you a continuing supply until the war is won. Meanwhile, our distilleries are devoted 100% to the production of alcohol for explosives, rubber, and other vital war products. (Our prices have not been increased—except for government taxes.)

*A blend of straight whiskies—90 proof.
Frankfort Distilleries, Inc.,
Louisville & Baltimore*

we detain her here and comfort her until orders come."

Macek—except for his embroidered red silk vest—could have been an out-of-work vaudevillian in the United States. He looked somehow absurd and somehow pitiful, standing there in the pose of his utterly futile effort to avert a catastrophe by a demonstration of his art. But there was also a very curious dignity in his stiffly theatrical pose. It was, to be exact about it, the dignity of a man who can do some one thing supremely well, and knows it. Macek had that dignity and that ability. Now he used it.

His right hand moved three inches and closed upon the handle of a knife stuck point-first in the door. He wrenched it free and threw it in one swift, professionally smooth motion. Not at the officer. At the sentry. The sentry had a rifle. The knife twinkled in the sunlight as Macek's left hand moved six inches and wrenched free and threw a second knife. His right hand moved again, swiftly and surely and with a terrible competence; with split-second precision and an absolute assurance. He was the only man in Europe who could juggle twelve knives and at the same time outline his assistant's figure with blades against a target across a full-sized stage. He stood now, his short legs braced apart, his face streaked with sweat, his hands

making flashing movements, his eyes filled with the fanatic, absorbed intentness of a man who can do one thing supremely well, and is in the act of doing it.

The act required no more than four seconds. The sentry collapsed with a knife-blade either in his heart or so near as to make no difference. The officer made bubbling sounds with a heavy blade in his throat. A soldier doubled up and screamed. Another soldier, galvanized into heavy-limbed flight, was spitted from behind. A man leaped for the fallen sentry's rifle. A man ran madly, zigzagging and squealing in terror. . . . Macek brought down the last one in full flight at seventeen metres—nearly fifty feet.

He walked stiffly away from the door. A red stain began to run down one ear. He took out his handkerchief and mopped his face thoroughly. He frowned, and mopped his face again.

"I have done better," he said reluctantly. "Once, just now, I almost missed! But that was because you nicked my ear, and I flinched unknowingly from the pain as I tore free. But still I should have done better!"

The boy—girl, really—sobbed bitterly. Macek frowned again.

"Be silent!" he said sharply. "If you were but truly my nephew instead of my niece, you would not cry!

Go in the house and see if there is food. There are no more of them about. They would all flock to a free performance!" He added caustically, "They make cold audiences, too, these Germans. I know! Never do they applaud!"

He began to gather up his knives. He loaded his traveling bag. He added the officer's pistol and cartridges. He called impatiently to the girl. She came out, bearing loaves of bread and sausages and cheese. She was still deathly white. Macek said warmly, "That is good! That is very good! Even relatives do not always have a welcome for visitors, but those who bring food carry a welcome with them. We will go on. Come, now!"

They went together toward the bridge. They crossed it. Macek munched hungrily at the food. They left the bridge behind. They went on up the road. Presently the bridge was hidden from sight in a turn of the road among steep mountain-flanks.

"If we find anyone who knows any *Chetniks*," said Macek reflectively, "we will tell them to come down and get the rifles and the machine-gun." He marched on, munching. Presently he said, "That affair was deplorable! It should not have happened! But it was only what is to be expected of Germans. They do not know how to treat an artist!"

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 24)

Connecticut Elks Hold Reunion At Boston During Convention

Speeches by Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, Bruce A. Campbell, East St. Louis, Ill., John R. Coen, of Sterling, Colo., Lodge, Henry C. Warner, Dixon, Ill., and E. Mark Sullivan, Boston, Mass., William T. Phillips, New York Lodge No. 1, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Martin J. Cunningham, Danbury, Conn., and George I. Hall, Lynbrook, N. Y., Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, highlighted a meeting of Connecticut Grand Lodge members who assembled at a dinner reunion during the national convention in Boston in July. Arrangements for the dinner, held at noon on Wednesday, were made by D.D.'s James V. Pedace, Norwich, and Mortimer A. O'Hara, Waterbury, assisted by State Pres. William P. Hession, of Derby, Past Pres.'s Arthur J. Roy, Willimantic, and W. M. Scully, Meriden, E.R. Robert C. Woodmansee, Norwich, and George Wigleworth.

Nineteen of the 25 lodges of the State were represented at the dinner, which was attended by approximately 100 Connecticut Elks and their ladies. The Exalted Rulers of the 19 lodges were present. P.E.R. James L. McGovern, of Bridgeport Lodge, a member of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge and Associate Editor of the *Bridgeport Post* and the *Bridgeport Telegram*, who presided, introduced the

speakers. Mrs. James V. Pedace, Norwich, and Mrs. James J. Kelley, wife of the Exalted Ruler of Bridgeport Lodge, spoke for the women. This was the first time in years that the Connecticut group had assembled in unison. All were greatly cheered by the constructive suggestions for the future of the Order made by the distinguished speakers.

El Centro Elks' Buy-a-Bomber Campaign Brings In \$300,250

When El Centro, Calif., Lodge, No. 1325, set out to buy a bomber by selling Series E United States War Bonds, the quota was \$175,000. When the campaign of several weeks was concluded, total sales, all cash, came to \$300,250. The lodge bought not only a medium bomber but a pursuit ship as well, and \$50,250 besides was turned over to the U.S. Treasury. The planes were to be named the "City of El Centro" and the "Holtville Imperial", in honor of cooperating communities.

Two innovations featured the Buy-a-Bomber Campaign, the division of the membership into 80 five-man teams competing for the honor of making the most sales, and the selection of 21 young ladies of the community as Bond sales contestants competing for prizes totaling \$625 in War Bonds. Each \$25 worth of Bonds sold entitled the buyer to cast 10 votes for one of the girls. Miss Nowassa Westover, with 25,930 votes, won first prize, \$225 in Bonds. Prize money was not taken out of the campaign sales, but was furnished by the merchants who sponsored the contest-

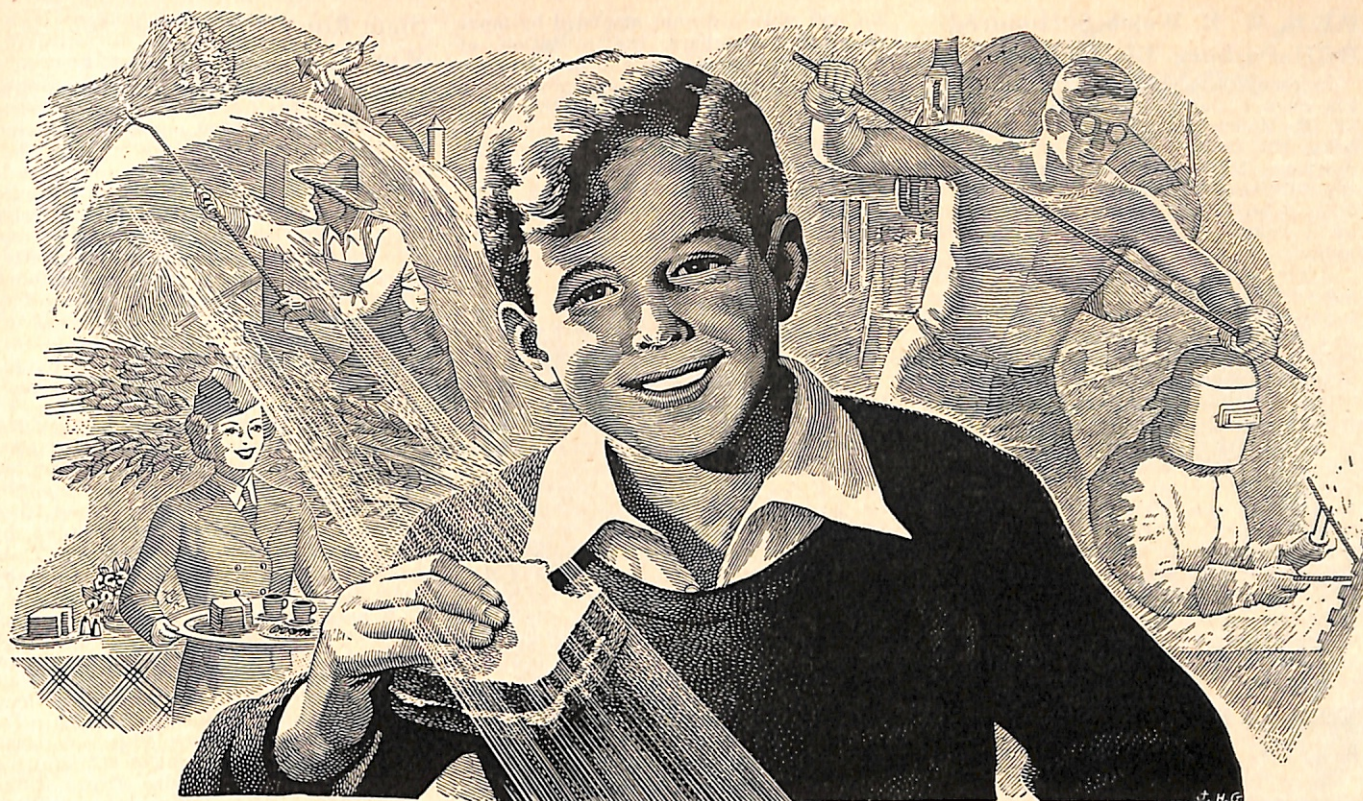
ants. The 21 young ladies and members of the lodge and their wives were guests at a Victory Ball when the campaign ended. E.R. Homer G. Tackett presented the prizes.

Two Events Are Celebrated at A Meeting of Mobile Lodge

In a double-feature ceremony on June 3, the \$23,000 mortgage on the beautiful home of Mobile, Ala., Lodge, No. 108, was burned and 25-year pins were presented to 31 members. The largest attendance in years was recorded. E.R. Leo A. DeOrnellas officiated as Master of Ceremonies, assisted by the lodge officers. P.E.R. Harry H. Myers, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, applied the match to the document. Mr. Myers was the leader in the effort that freed the lodge of its debt on the home. The mortgage was first placed 42 years ago.

As announced at the convention of the Alabama State Elks Association, Mobile Lodge was the winner of the Joseph G. Buch Plaque for meritorious work this year for the Crippled Children's Fund, a total of \$1,834.70 having been raised by three members, Joseph A. Marques, Jr., Chairman, G. J. Flournoy and Harry Marquis. During the fiscal year, a fifty per cent increase in membership was shown, and the lodge bought \$5,175 worth of War Bonds, raised \$4,184.46 for charitable purposes, and spent more than \$3,000 for repairs on the lodge home. In its work for servicemen, Mobile Lodge entertains approximately fifteen hundred every week.

(Continued on page 32)



You call it Bread . . . your ancestors would have called it Cake

Your daily bread is nutrition in one of its finest and most appetizing forms—and today it saves ration points. We Americans can be grateful that our country produces an abundance of this perfect 'staff of life'.

We can be grateful, too, to science for the greatly improved quality of our daily bread. It has been tremendously enriched. Its texture is finer, its appearance and flavor more inviting.

Did you ever wonder how many millions of pounds of yeast are required each year to leaven the nation's bread? Did you know that yeast must be absolutely fresh when it reaches the baker? Thanks to a network of specialized delivery services plus modern refrigeration, bakers in even remote parts of America get their yeast fresh and on time.

* * *

The Baker's Yeast Division of Anheuser-Busch supplies bakers with yeast for a large part of the nation's bread. Now nearly 15 percent of our entire output goes to the Army. This service to civilian bakers and our armed forces resulted from applying to food the knowledge gained from years of laboratory work in producing the world-famous Budweiser.



In addition to supplying the armed forces with glider parts, gun turret parts and foodstuffs, Anheuser-Busch produces materials which go into the manufacture of: B Complex Vitamins • Rubber Aluminum • Munitions • Medicines • Hospital Diets • Baby Foods Vitamin-fortified cattle feeds • Batteries • Paper • Soap and Textiles —to name a few.

Budweiser

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A N H E U S E R - B U S C H . . . S A I N T L O U I S

P.E.R. W. B. Welch Is Honored By Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge

In recognition of his service as Trustee over a period of 26 years, P.E.R. W. B. Welch was honored by Harrisburg, Ill., Lodge, No. 1058, at a regular meeting. E.R. Dr. H. J. Raley, Pres. of the Ill. State Elks Assn., presented him with a wrist watch, suitably engraved, as a token of appreciation from the lodge.

After several hundred safety slogans, submitted in the Harrisburg Elks Junior Safety League Safety Slogan Contest, had been checked, two winners were chosen. Saddle leather safety legion kits were presented as prizes.

Boy Scout Troop No. 58, sponsored by Harrisburg Lodge, gave a dancing party in the ballroom of the lodge home on June 11. The Troop's summer schedule included several outdoor picnics for the Scouts and their friends as well as the four regular encampments. Planned social activities as an essential phase of youth training were taken up by the Elks' Scout Committee more than a year ago. The program, providing for the selection of proper places for play and supervision of recreation and social affairs, has been entirely successful.

Arkansas Loses a Distinguished Elk, Dr. L. R. Ellis, Deceased

At a recent regular session of Hot Springs, Ark., Lodge, No. 380, a resolution was passed in which tribute was paid the memory of Past Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight Dr. Leonard R. Ellis, distinguished Arkansas Elk, who died on May 10, 1943. Dr. Ellis served three terms as Exalted Ruler of Hot Springs Lodge of which he was a member for 45 years. He served two terms as District Deputy, and also served as President of the Arkansas State Elks Association, being elected soon after the Association was organized.

Dr. Ellis was widely known throughout the Order, deeply respected and universally esteemed. He was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight in 1930. In his life outside the Order, he was popular and successful. He was a veteran of three wars, a physician of prominence, and a leader in civic, medical and fraternal affairs.

Eureka, Calif., Lodge Is Given A Treasured American Flag

At a recent meeting of Eureka, Calif., Lodge, No. 652, Walter Menchel, a member, presented the lodge with a large American Flag which once flew from the masthead of the U. S. Cruiser *Milwaukee*. The ship was lost in January, 1917, when it ran ashore on the Samoa, California, beach directly across the Bay from Eureka, and its hull is still buried in the sand.

Mr. Menchel has kept and preserved the Flag since it came into his possession many years ago. His feeling that no better home could be found for it than the home of Eureka Lodge, and that nowhere would it be more appreciated, prompted the gift.

The meeting was made a gala occasion. The official presentation was made by P.E.R. E. S. Mitchell, acting for the donor. P.E.R. Will N. Speegle accepted the Flag for the lodge.

Fresno, Calif., Lodge Observes Its Forty-Fifth Anniversary

The 45th anniversary of its institution was celebrated by Fresno, Calif., Lodge,

No. 439, with a dinner attended by more than 300 members, the initiation of fifteen candidates, and the presentation of 20-year service pins to members who joined the lodge twenty or more years ago.

Among those present were D.D. Charles L. Kaiser, of Coalinga Lodge, and Joseph Gaestel, of Merced, Vice-Pres. of the Calif. State Elks Assn. Entertainment was a feature of the program and a Dutch Supper was served after the lodge session.

Chaplain R. E. Prettyman, of Marion, O., Lodge, Is Dead

Marion, O., Lodge, No. 32, mourns the loss of Past Exalted Ruler R. E. Prettyman, Chaplain of the lodge for eight years, who died on June 28 at the age of 63. The lodge showed its appreciation of his fine service by making him an honorary life member on March 4 of this year.

Mr. Prettyman's outstanding exemplification of ritualistic work was widely recognized. He was called upon frequently to officiate in ceremonies held by other lodges in the North Central District.

Army Air Cadets Are Entertained By Williamsport, Pa., Lodge

Williamsport, Pa., Lodge, No. 173, was host to 279 members of the Army Air Force's 331st College Training Detachment (Aircrew) and their dates recently in the spacious auditorium of the lodge home. Dancing from eight to ten was followed by a nine-act floor show presented through the courtesy of the Tex Rose booking agency. Mr. Rose is one of No. 173's recently initiated members.

Ice cream and soft drinks were served by the Social and Community Welfare Committee under whose auspices the party was given. Chairman J. Fred Bangert, P.E.R., was Toastmaster and the wives of committee members were chaperons. Captain Wheeler, commanding officer, thanked the Elks for entertaining the cadets, who are under training at Dickinson Junior College at Williamsport.

Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge Is Host To Aviation Cadet Officers

Aviation Cadet officers were guests recently of Waynesburg, Pa., Lodge, No. 757. Captain W. C. Montgomery gave the welcoming address and members of a special committee outlined the Elks' program planned for the student cadets in training.

Boy Scouts and Cub Pack members were guests of the lodge on another occasion at an indoor jamboree. Demonstrations in life saving, first aid and semaphore and Morse code signaling were given. Music was furnished by an orchestra from the Waynesburg Cub Pack. Brief talks were given by Scout officials and a delicious supper was served.

Oceanside, Calif., Lodge Initiates 26 Candidates

Members of Oceanside, Calif., Lodge, No. 1561, were guests of fellow members of the Order recently at a barbecue prepared in a pit on the grounds of the Palomar Riding Club. As part of the observance of "Escondido Day", a class of 26 candidates was initiated at the lodge meeting. The ritualistic work was performed by officers of San Diego Lodge No. 168.

State Ritualistic Contest Is Won by Price, Utah, Lodge

Two Utah State Elks Association ritualistic contests have been won by Price, Utah, Lodge, No. 1550, one at the convention at Ogden in 1940, the other at Salt Lake City this year. This young lodge is doing good war work. Five "G" Boxes have been sent to each of the 21 Price members in the U. S. Armed Forces, and five thousand packages of cigarettes were purchased recently and despatched to servicemen overseas as the result of a drive which netted \$250.

Georgia's 30th Lodge Is Instituted at Marietta

Georgia's thirtieth lodge, Marietta No. 1657, was instituted on June 22 by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, P.E.R. of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78, assisted by other distinguished Elks. Officers of Atlanta Lodge, headed by E.R. Orvis A. Roberts, initiated a class of 78 candidates from Marietta and four from Atlanta.

A lodge home, one block and a half from the public square in Marietta, which is to become a civic and recreational center, had already been purchased. Past State President J. Clayton Burke, Secy. of No. 78, acted as Special Deputy in the organization of the new lodge. Cooperating with the Organization Committee, headed by Forrest Rhodes, Frank Miller, of Ferndale, Mich., Lodge, interested the officials of the Bell Bomber Plant, now located in Marietta, and obtained 20 applications.

Oswego Lodge Devotes Energy to Community Welfare and War Work

Grateful appreciation has been extended to Oswego, N. Y., Lodge, No. 271, by the Oswego County Chapter of the American Red Cross. The lodge sponsored a recent Blood Donor Clinic with great success, assumed all financial responsibility and donated unlimited use of the lodge home, including all of the facilities of the kitchen. In 1942, Oswego Lodge sponsored a Blood Donor Campaign, obtaining 700 pints. This year, when the clinic closed, 1,000 pints of blood had been contributed.

Early in 1943 an \$850 respirator was presented by No. 271 to the Oswego Hospital. The lodge is in splendid shape and its home is a real community center. Every Saturday evening the club rooms are open to some 300 pre-flight cadets who are attending the Oswego State Teachers College. Nearly seventy members of Oswego Lodge are serving in the U. S. Armed Forces.

Distinguished Elks Are Honored At Meeting of Gloucester Lodge

A class of 19 candidates was initiated by E.R. James C. Hanrahan, Jr., and his officers, at Gloucester, Mass., Lodge, No. 892, on the evening of the official visitation of Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan shortly before his retirement from office. It was the first time in several years that the lodge had been honored with a visit by the Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order. Mr. Sullivan, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, of Springfield, Mass., Lodge, and John F. Burke, Boston, Past Pres. of the Mass. State Elks Assn., were greeted by a magnificent attendance of local members and visiting Elks, including District Deputy Joseph Casey, of Melrose Lodge, and many other prominent Massachusetts Elks.

In appreciation of his visit, the Grand Exalted Ruler was presented with an oil painting of Gloucester's famous racing fishing schooner, the *Gertrude L. Thebaud*, under full sail. The presentation was made by State Vice-President George Steele, P.E.R. of Gloucester Lodge. A buffet supper was served.

Troy, O., Lodge Is Praised For Conduct of Blood Donor Center

The American National Red Cross and the Miami County (O.) Chapter have expressed gratitude and appreciation for the enthusiastic cooperation of the membership of Troy, O., Lodge, No. 833, and use of the facilities of the lodge home when Troy was visited by the County's Mobile Unit for Blood Donor Service. The lodge is credited with having secured more blood in less time than at any other place visited by the Unit, and the Blood Donor Center set up in the Home was pronounced ideal in every respect. Four hundred and eighty-nine pints were secured. Arrangements and results were so successful that the Unit immediately scheduled a definite return date. A refreshing luncheon was served by the lodge for the donors and the visiting staff.

Chairman John Bothe, of the Elks' Committee, has since been made head of the local Red Cross Chapter, mainly because of the efficiency with which he conducted the project. Before the coming of the Unit, Mr. Bothe made several visits to Columbus to study the various duties and essentials in connection with the establishment of a blood bank donation center. The committee, appointed by E.R. Ernest L. Thokey, rendered outstanding service.

Paducah Lodge's Soldier Service Program Benefits Thousands

Since the first assembling of soldiers in large numbers in camps adjacent to Paducah, Ky., an extensive soldier service program has been carried out by Paducah Lodge No. 217. As no local USO has as yet been established, the lodge is continuing its canteen work on a larger scale and has spent more than \$800 for improvements on the second floor quarters which it turned over to servicemen last year. The number of men who have availed themselves of the comforts and privileges runs into the thousands.

Camp Tyson has a USO, but it is 72 miles from Paducah. Tyson contributes the largest number of visitors entertained by No. 217 and servicemen from Campbell and Breckenridge pour into town every weekend. The Elks have the close cooperation of the local chapter of the Red Cross and the work has been financed entirely by these two organizations. No public solicitation for funds has ever been made, but members of the city's religious and social groups have been generous with their contributions and hundreds of volunteer donations of food have been received.

Paducah Lodge, with about 25 per cent of its members living in other places, assumed a heavy responsibility which it has met admirably. The lodge has not only provided conveniences and entertainment, but it has helped many servicemen in emergencies. The Elks' work has been pronounced outstanding by visiting military officials, performed as it is in a field where a difficult situation has been taken in hand by local management.

Can a man have "Oomph"?

* SURE Pipe Appeal

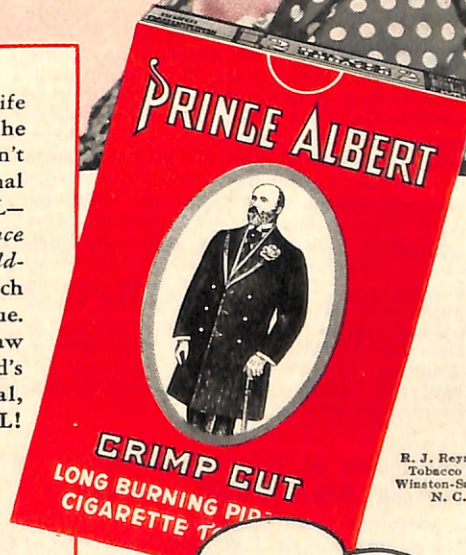


WHEN the woman in your life gossips admiringly: "And he smokes a pipe, of course!" don't let her down. Guard that personal plus with true PIPE APPEAL—Prince Albert! Pleasing fragrance to keep her smiling. No-bite mildness to keep you smiling. Rich taste, yet so easy on your tongue. Crimp cut to pour, pack, and draw smoothly. Better tobacco—world's largest-selling brand. Logical, isn't it? P. A. for PIPE APPEAL!

PRINCE ALBERT

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert

70 fine roll-your-own cigarettes in every handy pocket package of Prince Albert



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.



BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

West Palm Beach Elks Donate \$1,000 to Harry-Anna Home

P.E.R. J. Edwin Baker, Superintendent of the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children at Umatilla, Fla., was invited to attend a special session of West Palm Beach Lodge No. 1352 on July 7, at which members of the American Legion and all of the local civic clubs were guests. Mr. Baker, who is an honorary life member of the lodge and a Past President of the Fla. State Elks Assn., gave a talk on the work at the Home, and showed moving pictures of the children, the building and the grounds.

At the meeting, a check for \$1,000, donated by members of No. 1352, was presented to Mr. Baker by A. T. McRae, Chairman of the Crippled Children Committee. The Harry-Anna Home is supported financially by the Florida State Elks Association, the subordinate lodges of the State and individuals.

Mr. Baker was also honored by his lodge on July 21. More than 50 members of a class named for him were initiated at the meeting.

Millville Elks Sponsor Benefit For Crippled Children Work

More than 1,000 persons witnessed the "Military Wedding of Jack and Jill" presented recently by a large cast of children under the sponsorship of the Crippled Kiddies Committee of Millville, N. J., Lodge, No. 580. Two performances were given in the high school auditorium. The proceeds went into the committee's fund for the purpose of financing the extensive work for crippled children in which Millville Lodge is engaged.

Approximately 500 children, mothers and nurses attended the 21st annual summer shore outing given by the Committee at Wildwood. As usual, the caravan, with police escort, stopped at Cape May Court House where the children left the cars to pay tribute to eleven former benefactors who are buried in the Baptist Cemetery. At Wildwood, the party was welcomed by city officials and citizens, and a gold key to the city was presented to the Committee. All amusements were thrown open, and after a few delightful hours on the pier, a fine dinner was served at the Hotel Blackstone by the owner, Thomas M. Dauginas, a member of Millville Lodge. Appropriate entertainment was presented.

Induction at Yankton Climaxes S. Dak. Elks' V-Five Campaign

Fifty-six South Dakota youths will fly for Uncle Sam's Navy as members of the honorary "Joe Foss Squadron" as a result of efforts on the part of Elk lodges of the State. The squadron is named for Major Joe Foss, U. S. Marine Ace, who not long ago was presented with the Congressional Medal of Honor by President Roosevelt. Thirty members of the squadron were sworn in personally by Major Foss at a mass induction ceremony held in Yankton, attended by high naval officers and members of the S. D. Elks War Commission. J. Ford Zietlow, of Aberdeen, S. D., former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees, was present as the special representative of the Elks War Commission.

Yankton Lodge No. 994 was host throughout the day, and official headquarters were maintained at the lodge home. Other lodges of the State took care of the traveling expenses of the inductees coming into Yankton from their

respective areas. Aberdeen Lodge No. 1046 chartered a special bus for that purpose.

A large crowd, taxing the capacity of the City Hall Auditorium, attended the ceremonies which included the formal presentation of the new municipal airport at Yankton. Lieutenant-Commander G. R. McDonald, U. S. N., was the principal speaker. Major Foss, who is a native of South Dakota and was presented recently with a life membership in Sioux Falls Lodge No. 262, was accompanied to Yankton by Mrs. Foss. Judge C. C. Puckett, Esteemed Leading Knight of Yankton Lodge and Chairman of the local Elks War Commission, was General Chairman for the day. He was assisted by E. R. William J. Krall and Secy. F. F. Otto. Naval officers were high in their praises of the work performed by the South Dakota lodges of the Order in interesting young men of the State in the Navy's V-5 program.

Notice Regarding Applications For Residence At Elks National Home

The Board of Grand Trustees reports that there are several rooms at the Elks National Home awaiting applications from members qualified for admission. Applications will be considered in the order in which received.

For full information, write Robert A. Scott, Superintendent, Elks National Home, Bedford, Va.

Death Deprives Bronx Lodge Of Two Prominent Members

Arthur E. MacLean, a charter member of Bronx, N. Y., Lodge, No. 871, and the lodge's first secretary, passed away on August 8, at the age of 70. Although a resident of New York City, Mr. MacLean was engaged in defense work at New London, Conn., at the time of his death.

Another Bronx Elk was lost to the membership when Fred M. Schildwachter, aged 79, Chairman of the Board of Trustees for the past decade and a leading member for more than 30 years, died suddenly on July 27. He was a successful business man and noted for his generous donations to charity. A regular attendant at the annual conventions of the N. Y. State Elks Association, Mr. Schildwachter was well known throughout the State. Four of his sons are active members of Bronx Lodge. One is the present Exalted Ruler of No. 871 and another is a Past Exalted Ruler.

IF YOUR ELKS MAGAZINE IS LATE

Our war-time transportation facilities are doing a great job and military supplies must come first. Your Magazine is mailed in what normally would be ample time to reach you on our regular publication date. If your Elks Magazine is late, it is caused by conditions beyond our control.

Mankato Elks Aid in Project To Perpetuate Duck Hunting

Plans for a chapter in Mankato, Minn., of Ducks Unlimited, organized to increase duck production on breeding grounds, were completed some time ago at a meeting of Mankato Lodge No. 225. During the past five years, the membership of Ducks Unlimited has increased to more than 25,000 sportsmen.

In 1935 the U. S. Biological Survey estimated that there were less than 30,000,000 wild ducks left on the North American continent. By 1937, hunting seasons had been cut from three and one-half months to 30 days, bag limits from 25 to 10. Canvasback, redhead, bufflehead, ruddy ducks and three species of geese were added to the rapidly growing protected list in many places. Field studies in 1937 revealed that 70 per cent of the annual duck crop was being destroyed in the breeding grounds of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta before the American hunter fired a shot. That meant that of 100,000 prospective ducks 70,000 were killed in the breeding grounds by drought, fires, predatory birds and fish and farming operations.

This was the picture when Ducks Unlimited began to operate in 1937 by proposing the restoration and management of the most important duck breeding grounds on the continent. A survey of the results of a well-planned campaign shows that where in 1937 there were some 40,000,000 ducks, there are now nearly 100,000,000, and open seasons average 70 days. Estimates of last year show that 21,000,000 more ducks were produced at a cost of only three cents a duck. Salaries are paid to no one in the organization. All efforts are expended because of the individual's love of duck hunting and the desire to perpetuate it as an American sport.

Governmental agencies and sportsman clubs in the United States and Canadians and the Canadian Government have given the program full cooperation. Mankato Lodge is the first lodge to take an active interest in Ducks Unlimited. The lodge sponsored a drive this summer to secure members for the local chapter and support for its work.

Pocatello, Ida., Elks Furnish a Day Room for Men at Army Base

The "Elks Day Room" at the Pocatello Army Base was completely furnished and equipped for the men of a squadron by Pocatello, Ida., Lodge, No. 674. The Room, centrally located, is one of the show places at the camp.

More than a thousand dollars was spent by the lodge in fitting up the Day Room. Articles of furniture include ping pong and pool tables, writing desks, card tables, davenports, a piano and a combination radio and phonograph. Special attention was devoted to carpeting, draperies, pictures and ornamental mirrors.

New London Elks Raise a Fund to Send Cigarettes to Battle Areas

Early in July, New London, Conn., Lodge, No. 360, under the chairmanship of P.E.R. James M. Reardon, completed a six-week drive to raise \$2,500 for the purchase of cigarettes to be distributed among American soldiers and sailors on all battle fronts of the war. Instead of \$2,500, the lodge's workers raised \$3,400 by voluntary subscription of the members, thus providing 1,500,000 cigarettes. Distribution among our fighting forces was begun immediately.

You don't have to wait until after the war

ALL OVER AMERICA people today are asking questions. They are wondering about the kind of products they will be able to buy after the war.

What will the new automobiles be like? Will synthetic tires *really* outlast our cars? What new miracles can we look for in radio, television, home refrigeration and air conditioning?

But you don't have to wait until the war is over to enjoy perfection in one of the good things of life. Today, in Schlitz, you are truly drinking the beer of tomorrow.

Keeping a step ahead is traditional at Schlitz. Those well informed on brewing know that for nearly 100 years Schlitz has pioneered almost every major advancement in the American brewing art.

And most important of all, Schlitz now brings you just the *kiss* of the hops — all of the delicate flavor, none of the bitterness. That famous flavor found only in Schlitz tells you that you don't have to wait until after the war to enjoy your post-war beer. The beer of tomorrow is here today!



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Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.



Invest in Liberty!
BUY WAR BONDS

THE BEER THAT MADE MILWAUKEE FAMOUS

Brewed with JUST THE KISS OF THE HOPS — none of the bitterness

P.D.D. E. F. Pray Dies At Fresno, California

California Elks, especially those of the East Central District and of Fresno Lodge No. 439, regret deeply the passing of P.E.R. Edward F. Pray, who died in Fresno on July 23. Mr. Pray was born in Los Angeles on August 18, 1881. He was initiated into Fresno Lodge in 1918 and began immediately to take an active part in Elk activities. He served as Exalted Ruler in 1925-26, was elected an honorary life member of the lodge in 1934, and served as District Deputy for California, East Central, in 1939-40. Mr. Pray also served as State Chairman of the Ritualistic Committee and was especially active in ritualistic work for many years. He coached the team of Fresno Lodge which won the State Championship and sent the team to Birmingham the following year to compete for national honors.

A Lodge of Sorrow was held on August 4, with Past Exalted Rulers of Fresno Lodge in charge of the ceremonies. P.E.R. Rae B. Carter delivered the eulogy.

Mount Pleasant, Penna., Lodge Observes Its 40th Anniversary

The 40th anniversary of the founding of Mount Pleasant Pa., Lodge, No. 868, was observed with a three-day program. The opening event was a special meeting at which a "40th Anniversary Class" of candidates was initiated. The Degree Team of Apollo Lodge No. 386 was in charge of the ceremonies.

On Saturday evening, July 24, a reception and dance and a floor show were held in the Elks' clubrooms on the third floor of the Mount Pleasant State Bank Building. The celebration was concluded on Sunday when the lodge held its annual picnic at the Brush Run Country Club.

Lakewood, O., Elks Give Station Wagon to Red Cross Chapter

As a contribution to the war effort and in recognition of the magnificent work of the American Red Cross, Lakewood, O., Lodge, No. 1350, presented a fully equipped Packard station wagon to the Lakewood Red Cross Chapter on July 9. An audience of approximately 1,000 persons was seated in the stadium at the Lakewood Elks' ball field where the ceremonies were held.

Acting as an escort when the station wagon was brought onto the field were the ladies of the Red Cross and the Red Cross Motor Corps in full uniform, followed by the officers and members of Lakewood Lodge. E.R. Joseph G. Faflik, Master of Ceremonies, introduced Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Milton C. Park, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, and Oscar A. Plotz, Chairman of the Lakewood Elks War Commission Committee, who, with the members of their respective committees, were responsible for the procurement and presentation of the gift. Acting for the lodge, P.E.R. W. D. Cole made the official presentation.

Berlin, N. H., Lodge Gives Elks War Commission Active Support

Berlin, N. H., Lodge, No. 618, is accomplishing a great deal in line with the program of the Elks War Commission. The facilities of the lodge home are open to visiting servicemen, 300 "G" Boxes have been sent out, and full co-

operation is given in the drive for Navy Seabees and Army Engineers, with an information center in the club rooms and a live wire committee contacting qualified men. Dances and luncheons have been given for Army Air Service Cadets from Grenier Field.

Berlin Lodge presented a Flag to the Selective Service Headquarters, donated \$500 to the American Red Cross and \$200 to the Elks War Commission, and assisted Army officials in obtaining recruits for the Air Service. The lodge provides the personnel for the local Air Warning Lookout one night each week.

Members in Service overseas

are urged to keep both the Secretary of their lodge and the Magazine office informed of their correct mailing address.

Under the new postal regulations, copies of the Magazine may not be forwarded as third-class mail to A.P.O.'s overseas by the member's family.

If you are serving in our Armed Forces stationed at an A.P.O. outside continental United States, send us your address complete with rank, unit and A.P.O. number.

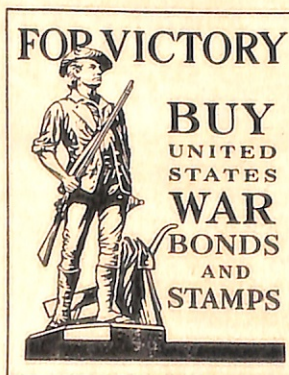
It is important that you mention your lodge—and your membership number will help us locate your name.

Hackensack Lodge Honors Winner Of an Elks Foundation Award

Miss Babette de Bary, of Leonia, N. J., winner of second prize in the annual national scholarship contest conducted by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, was entered in the contest by Hackensack, N. J., Lodge, No. 658. At a regular meeting of the lodge on August 4, Miss de Bary was presented with her award of \$500 by E.R. William J. Sinniger. Prior to the meeting, Miss de Bary and her mother were guests of the lodge at an informal dinner held in the Elks' restaurant.

Miss de Bary was born in Leonia, N. J., in 1925 and has lived there all her life. She was graduated from Leonia High School last June with high honors, having scored A marks in all subjects for four years. She was the salutatorian of her class, held offices in several of the high school clubs, and was president of the Debating Society, vice-president of the Girls' Leader Club, and secretary to the School Victory Council. She planned to enter Sarah Lawrence College, Bronxville, in the Fall.

P.E.R. Emil M. Wulster was Chairman of the local contest won by Miss de Bary. He was assisted by Circuit Court Judge J. Wallace Leyden, former Prosecutor George F. Losche, Counsellor Anthony Meyer, Jr., and Helen Mathis, president of the Colony Club of Hackensack.



J. R. Clegg, Toledo, O., Gives Blood Typed for Streptococcus

Feeling that members of the Order may at some time find themselves in need of blood transfusions such as he has given more than fifty times to victims of streptococcus viridans, James R. Clegg, a member of Toledo, O., Lodge, No. 53, for twenty-five years, states that he is willing to place himself at their disposal. Mr. Clegg's blood is of the rare type so necessary in the treatment of the disease. Since he himself recovered from streptococcus viridans, he has traveled some 45,000 miles over the United States and Canada on his errands of mercy.

Mr. Clegg is well known among Elks throughout the country, and has given transfusions not only to members of the Order, but to wives of Elks. His aid is known to have been beneficial in the recovery of patients in 14 difficult cases.

Seabees Enlist at Recruiting Center at Hackensack Lodge

Many citizens of Bergen County, N. J., as many as 13 in one group, have enlisted in the Seabees at the home of Hackensack Lodge No. 658, registering through P.E.R. William Seubert, civilian recruiting officer. The home, where a Navy representative is on hand every week, has served as a recruiting substitution since sponsorship of the V-5 program in the county was assumed by the lodge in connection with the Elks War Commission program. Four complete flying units organized by No. 658, the Jersey Skeeters, the Hewitt Hackensackers (sponsored by Vice-Admiral Hewitt), the Oritani Sky Chiefs, and the Elks Squadron, went into training some time ago at various colleges.

The Elks' recruiting center is also headquarters for the enlistment of Waves and Spars. Some of the first official Wave forms were filled out and signed when Yeoman Third Class Harriet Dubins, of Elizabeth, N. J., visited the lodge home in July, interviewing applicants and explaining requirements for eligibility in both of these branches of the Naval Service.

Long Beach, Calif., Elks Sell \$2,974,000 Worth of War Bonds

Recently the California State Elks Association, by direction of President Newton M. Todd, sponsored a War Bond Drive among the 80 lodges in the State. Participating in the program, Long Beach Lodge No. 888 staged a city-wide campaign to sell \$1,250,000 worth of Series E Bonds, with a heavy bomber to be named the "City of Long Beach" as the reward for a successful drive. W. P. Graef, Chairman of the Long Beach War Staff Committee of the U. S. Treasury Department, approved the effort and took an active part in the campaign. P.E.R. Russell Pavey was appointed General Chairman by E.R. Robert P. Mohrbacker.

A victory truck, decorated and equipped with a loudspeaker system by P.E.R.'s Berry Merritt and George Quinn, traversed the city streets, and music and announcements advertised the Drive. On stops at downtown street intersections, special speakers and bands entertained; average sales for each performance approximated \$30,000.

A mammoth military parade, with personnel and equipment from the Army, Navy, Marine Corps, Coast Guard and

(Continued on page 52)

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 13)

sporting firearms and ammunition sales these past few years—money which was supposed to have been prorated in its entirety every year for the betterment of shooting and fishing in the United States. Or at least, that was the bill of goods sold a few million chumps when the legislation was pending.

Curiously enough, when payday rolled around the first year after the tax became law, only about 50 percent of the "take" was kicked back to this country's sportsmen through the various state game departments. The rest was held up by the political masterminds who hung this lulu on the already heavily taxed and long-suffering outdoors fraternity.

There were disappointed squawks, of course, but apparently they weren't loud enough to discourage the same high-handed grab the following year. Again only about half of the tax money was released for conservation work and shortly after the beginning of the last fiscal year, an estimated \$7,500,000 of sportsmen's money was frozen in this federal kitty.

Then came a veritable deluge of coin. According to best information, heaviest sporting ammunition purchases in the country's history were made last year and a reported \$4,500,000 was collected in federal tax on these sales. Considering that every state fish and game department in the land was crying for every dollar obtainable because of sharply reduced revenue, it was expected the Government would disgorge handsomely. And what happened?

Last August a Fish and Wildlife Service bulletin announced that \$910,000 would be allotted! With a reported \$7,500,000 or more already in the wildlife kitty, upped by another \$4,500,000, the people who made this tidy sum available for conservation work were to receive less than one-tenth! And at a time when money was needed by every game department in the land.

A growing number of this Nation's sportsmen are beginning to wonder if it isn't high time Dr. Ira N. Gabrielson or some other federal brass hat explained this curious situation.

Tip Dept.: Don't pass up an opportunity to buy shotgun shells even if you're offered BBs, or some other load you can't use. The reason is that chilled and drop shot in all sizes can still be purchased in many of the better sporting goods shops, also hand crimpers.

With a few pounds of the right size shot, a hand crimper and a little elbow grease, shooters can convert what they can't use into something they can shoot with confidence.

Incidentally, this reloading stunt



I'm keeping a nose on things

I'm just a hound dog called Butch to about everybody but The Boss. To him I'm *The Nose*.

Why, he'd no more think of going hunting with any other nose than he'd think of going without his gun.

But now The Boss has gone to war.

You can bet we both miss those winter mornings, when the air itself smelled good. There'd be a light, tracking snow. And when I sang out on a hot trail... boy!... it's a wonder they haven't signed me up for opera!

"Keep a nose on things, Butch," The Boss said when he left. And am I doing it! Just wait till I show him that new place I've found...when it's peacetime again.

Here at Remington we are doing everything in our power to speed peace through victory...

—during 1942, Remington produced enough small arms ammunition to fire more than 300 times at every Axis soldier.

—during the last 7½ months of that year alone, Remington produced more small arms ammunition than the entire

country produced during all four years of World War I.

—thousands upon thousands of military rifles were speeded to our armed forces all over the world.

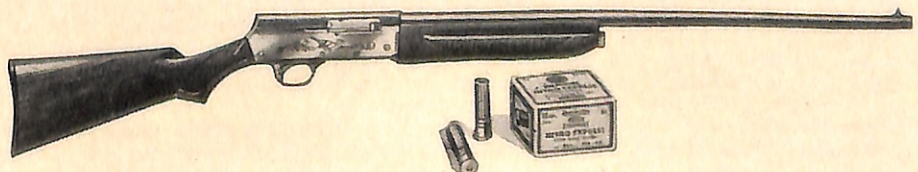
—and Remington has received four Army-Navy "E's."



We of Remington are grateful that we are able to serve our country. And after the war is won, we will be glad to serve our sportsmen friends again with the famous Remington line of sporting arms and ammunition.

Meanwhile...as a reminder of hunting experiences in days past, and those yet to come, you might like a free, full-color enlargement of the painting above. Write Dept. U-3, Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

Remington
DU PONT



shouldn't be attempted with those flat-crimped skeet and trap loads. And it's advisable to consult an Ideal reloading hand book before beginning operations. This handy little guide can be obtained by writing the Lyman Gun Sight Corp., Middlefield, Conn. The price, we believe, is fifty cents. The Ideal Star crimper can be equipped with any gauge crimping head, from 10 gauge to 28, which means the tool will turn a crimp on any shot shell merely by changing the head and follower.

A good long-range goose load can be turned out as per the previously mentioned method by substituting air-rifle shot for whatever the shell contained. Air-rifle shot—BBs—is obtainable almost everywhere.

Thousands of deer hunters prowl the woods every Fall, but not many of them carry a small clothes line pulley and a short piece of husky clothes line. With these, a lone hunter can hang and dress out the biggest buck with ease. And if he misses his big chance in these meat-rationed days, he can use the special equipment to hang himself.

Despite gas rationing and travel difficulties, fishing camps throughout the country's vacation areas report the biggest season's business in years. Some, in fact, claim an all-time high. Up in Maine several camp owners were forced to turn away business—they just couldn't handle the influx which started right after "ice out" and continued straight through the season. Hunting camps are expected to get the same heavy play this Fall.

Problem confronting the average hunter this Fall is not ammunition, but transportation. By the time these lines appear, the situation might be improved, but coastal duck

hunters, for instance, expect the worst. If guides cannot obtain gas to operate in such wildfowling areas as Merrymeeting, Long Island, Barnegat, Currituck, Pamlico, Pimlico and southward, duck and goose shooting along the Atlantic Coast will be pretty much a dead pigeon. Same goes for the Gulf and West Coast, where wildfowling also is closely hooked up with power boats in many areas.

Some of the prices charged—and paid—for used sporting weapons this past summer have bordered on the ridiculous. Shotguns which two years ago wouldn't have been good buys at \$30 were going for \$65 or more and other battered relics were being sold at better than new gun prices. And handguns! Used .38s which not so long ago were wholesaling for around \$23 new were bringing \$65. Field glasses and cameras just about doubled in price. Why the faithful are willing to pay these hiked-up prices in the face of travel difficulties and reduced hunting opportunities is an all-time mystery. Particularly when it's no secret that shootin' irons of all kinds will be a dime a dozen after the war.

Wonder how long it will be before the country's hunters get hep to this wildfowl "sanctuary" gag, which slowly is cutting down good open hunting territory without contributing a thing to wildfowl restoration.

Case in point is a "wildfowl" sanctuary in northeastern Maine, which never had harbored more than two dozen ducks in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Thousands of acres were purchased with sportsmen's duck stamp money; farmers were given the old heave-ho from land their folks had owned since colonial days and a sanctuary set up.

What puzzles the still slightly

irked natives in that section is why the Government's heavy thinkers purchased thousands of acres of hardwood ridges for a wildfowl sanctuary, where, as one native put it, "No duck could even get his tail wet, much less make a livin'."

Another little trick that wouldn't set too well with the boys if they knew about it is this business of baiting federal wildfowl sanctuaries to keep the quackers on the safe side of the fence—at least during gunning season. This is accomplished by planting soy beans and other favorite food in the closed area—a little dodge not unknown in the Mattamuskeet section of North Carolina.

The ironic angle to the waterfowl sanctuary thing in many instances is that the duck stamp purchaser lays his dough on the line for the dubious pleasure of getting his own throat cut. But good.

Something else often overlooked is that wildfowl and other sanctuaries also are sanctuaries for predators, both furred and feathered, which flock into such areas, attracted by the easy pickings. Ask any smart warden about that!

"Show me a bird sanctuary," remarked one game protector recently, "and I'll show you a vermin breeding ground which destroys game in the entire surrounding area."

Wonder how much longer it will be before our army of war correspondents discovers that a "bullet" isn't a cartridge and that a cartridge isn't a "bullet"?

Fishing tackle items are slowly petering out and, come Spring, shortages will be conspicuous. This department passed along the ammunition bad news months before things got tough, so if your fishing kit is shy a few gadgets, don't say the warning didn't come in time.

Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 25)

tees, and Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, a member of the Elks War Commission, speaking on behalf of their respective Commissions.

At the conclusion of the Conference, the District Deputies and Grand Lodge officers were guests of the Grand Exalted Ruler at a dinner. Other guests present were Colonel R. M. Hardaway, in charge of Bushnell Hospital for soldiers at Brigham City, Utah, and Lt. Colonel Victor R. Hershmann who had accompanied him from the Hospital. Colonel Hardaway gave an interesting talk on the Government's program of rehabilitation and stated that the Elks of Salt Lake City Lodge had rendered valuable service in carrying out the program.

On Sunday afternoon, August 8, a delegation from **OGDEN, UTAH, LODGE, NO. 719**, headed by E. R. C. Wade Giggey, Est. Lead. Knight Ralph C. Smith and Esquire S. E. Kershall, escorted the Grand Exalted Ruler and his party to Ogden Lodge where a reception and a dinner were given that evening in Mr. Lonergan's honor.

On August 9, Grand Exalted Ruler

Lonergan visited **CHEYENNE, WYO., LODGE, NO. 660**. As the guest of Brigadier General H. L. Whittaker, he visited the Quartermaster Corps at the Quartermaster Replacement Center. In a talk made at the center, the Grand Exalted Ruler declared that if the general public could get a glimpse of the amazing educational program which is combined with regular military training, their confidence in the future would be assured. His visit, he said, sandwiched between Elk war conferences in Salt Lake City and Atlanta, Ga., gave him inspiration and a new incentive in his duties as a coordinator of the Elks' drive to round up 100,000 civilian workers for the Army Construction Engineers and the Navy Seabees by the first of next year. A high spot in the Grand Exalted Ruler's visit at the center was a cross-country ride in a jeep with Brigadier General Whittaker at the wheel. Also in the party were Sheriff Norbert E. Tuck, Exalted Ruler of Cheyenne Lodge, and Mayor Ed Warren.

Grand Exalted Ruler Lonergan's next District Deputy Conference was held in

Atlanta, Ga., on August 14. On the preceding day, he visited the beautiful home of **EAST POINT, GA., LODGE, NO. 1617**, where he addressed a large representation of the membership at an informal luncheon given in his honor. That afternoon a pilgrimage was made to the burial place of the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler Walter P. Andrews, a Past Exalted Ruler of Atlanta Lodge, and a wreath was placed upon the grave by the Grand Exalted Ruler. Mr. Lonergan then visited "Aidmore", the convalescent home for crippled children of the State sponsored by Georgia Elks, and the clinic adjoining where 2,200 active files are kept on boys and girls under the age of 21. The Grand Exalted Ruler was then escorted to Atlanta where he was shown through the lodge home. At seven p.m. he was the honor guest of five North Georgia lodges, **ATLANTA NO. 78, DECATUR NO. 1602, EAST POINT NO. 1617, BUCKHEAD NO. 1635** and **MARIETTA NO. 1657**, at a dinner at the Ansley Hotel. Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Grand Secretary, attended the dinner at which 74 were present.

If you're wondering...



WHEN CAN A MAN BUY **SCHENLEY** ? *Royal Reserve*



1. **Your dealer:** "Cheer up! We still have SCHENLEY. Not every day—but more often than you'd think! SCHENLEY isn't making a drop of whiskey; what you buy today comes from pre-war reserves. So it's got to be portioned out . . . and used *in moderation* . . . to see us all through."



3. **Your dealer:** "Mister, are you wrong! SCHENLEY Royal Reserve prices haven't gone up a nickel, except for State and Federal taxes. Don't hesitate to ask for some, any time. When we have any, we want you to have it . . . Shall I wrap up a bottle for you now?"



2. **You:** "Yes, I've read that SCHENLEY is making only alcohol for war. But I suppose that means they've had to increase prices on a fine whiskey like Royal Reserve?"



4. **You:** "You bet! I don't mind making a bottle of SCHENLEY go a bit farther, when it means I can continue to get some for the duration!"

**Back The Attack—
buy MORE War Bonds!**

There's still enough
to enjoy



available
in moderation!

BLENDED WHISKEY 86 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 6 years or more old; 40% straight whiskey, 60% neutral spirits distilled from fruit and grains. 23% straight whiskey, 6 years old. 17% straight whiskey, 7 years old. Schenley Distillers Corporation, N. Y. C.

What America Is Reading

(Continued from page 7)

Fall season. Unlike so many novels that are just stories, it attempts to understand the mature American mind at this crisis in our national history. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.75)

ONE of the criticisms repeatedly made of the Roosevelt opposition is that it can't unite on a program. Various leaders put out suggestions, but no specific movement results. If you sit at my desk and watch the new books arriving, you will observe that a program of opposition is in the process of forming. It is being made by the comment of writers who stress individualism, freedom from regulation and planning, and a determination to cut down the powers of the many special commissions and agencies. The most forceful book of the moment is "Challenge to Freedom", by Henry M. Wriston, president of Brown University. Mr. Wriston believes the whole democratic approach to American economic problems is wrong. He sees the Government hostile to free enterprise and new capital, regulation preventing initiative and growth, and denounces the idea that the Government must be the major producer of customers. Mr. Wriston declares, "We are not faced with the choice between impotence and tyranny, between *laissez faire* and dictatorship. We can pursue the third alternative, which is the characteristic American solution: a framework of laws which establishes and defines the orbit of action but leaves the individual free to move within that orbit. That leaves room for decentralization, even to the point of individualism,

without losing coherence." He attacks the powers given unions, which have privileges without responsibilities; he says, "Now in the name of liberalism, in the name of reform, in the name of freedom from want, there are those who would return man to that subjection from which he has with such pain and difficulty escaped. That is black reaction." For those who wish to see the opposition to the administration's policies forcibly stated, this book will be valuable reading; Democrats, no less, will see where the opposition is heading. (Harper & Bros., \$2.)

ANOTHER valuable book to consult at this time is David Hinshaw's "The Home Front". (Putnam, \$3). Mr. Hinshaw reviews events at home since the war started and comments on them. He has seen disunity enter into matters at home, but a solid fighting spirit behind the war effort. Although he is conservative in his views his book is not necessarily in opposition to the administration; he gives credit where due and criticizes where he thinks it necessary. He is critical of some of the officials of the Government, but he condemns personal abuse of public officials. He has praise and blame for the Roosevelt administration, and takes the same attitude toward Wendell Willkie, whose call for a second front he describes as a blunder. He thinks there is too much politics "as usual" just now; he condemns attempts to circumscribe the freedom of the individual. But he finds public opinion still formidable; it has made itself felt by backing useful measures of legislation. People will con-

tinue to talk back to their officials, says he, as long as they have free speech because they know that:

All the people are smarter than some of the people.

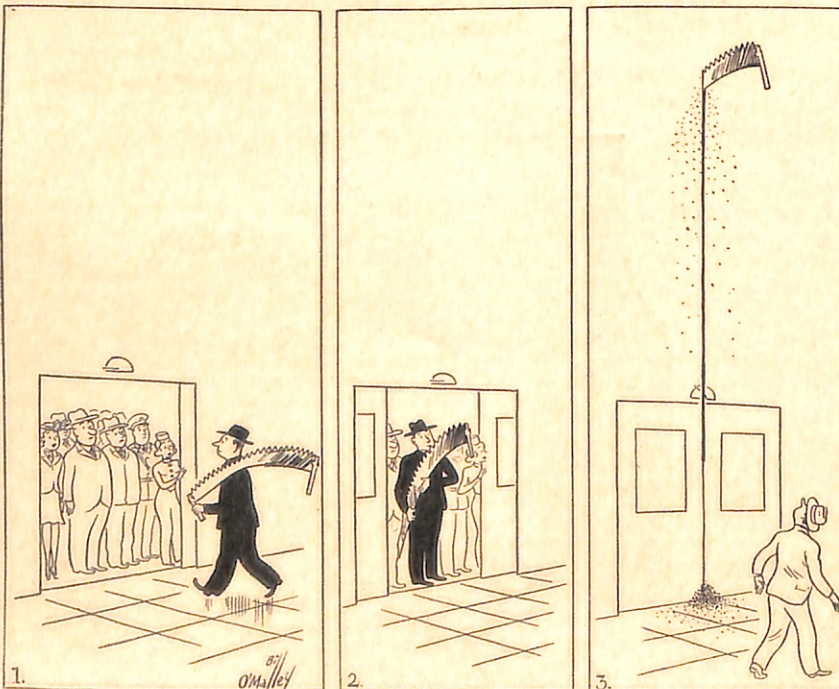
Humility, the touchstone of understanding, is a stranger in the heart of an uncriticized public servant.

Laggard and incompetent public servants improve their ways only when their jobs are in jeopardy.

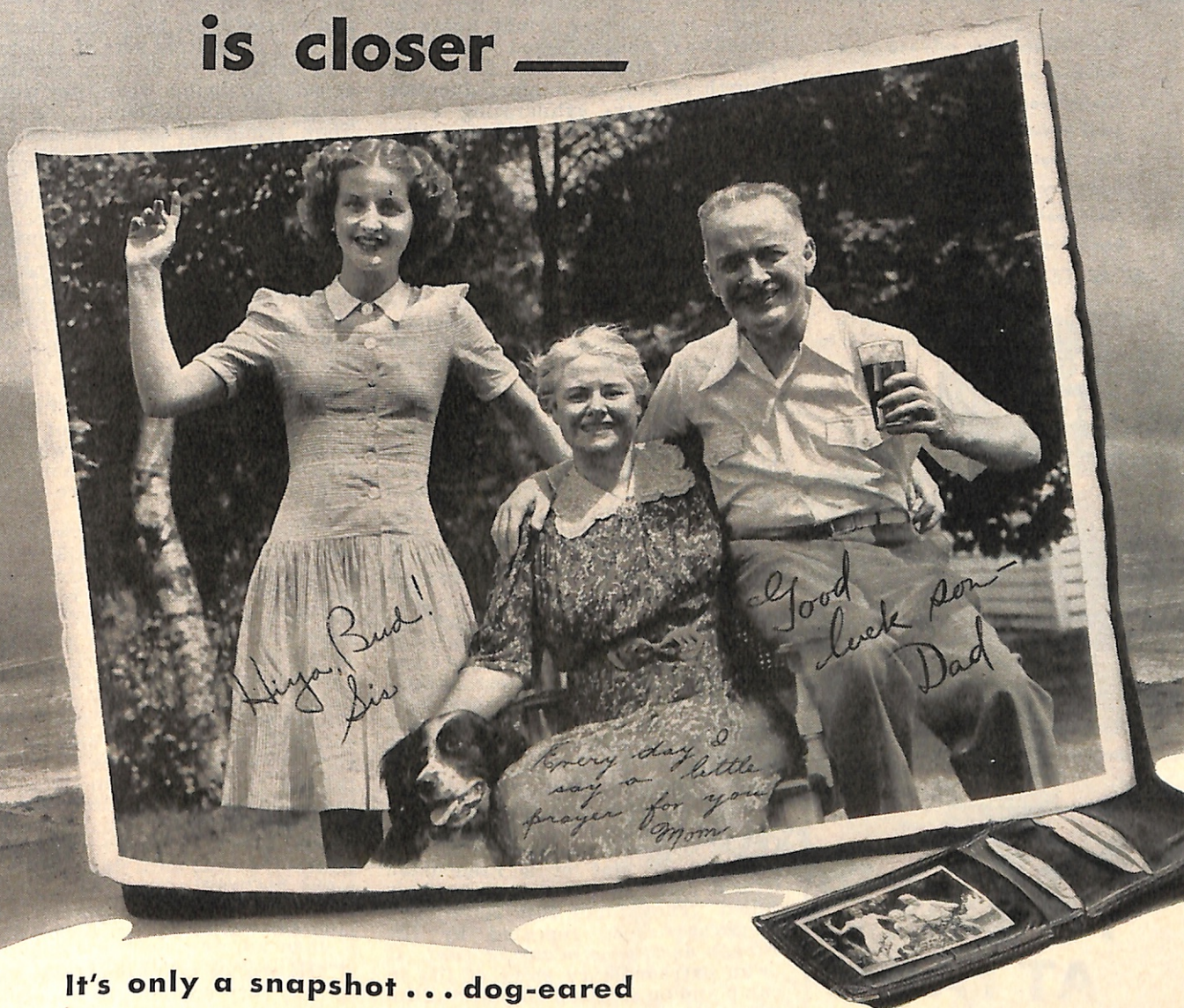
Free government vanishes when free speech dies.

THE Chinese in America are genial men, according to Carl Glick, who portrays their ability to adapt themselves to American ways in his genial story, "Three Times I Bow". For by applying the precepts of their ancestors, the Chinese manage to avoid some of the irritations that beset the rest of us. It is Kung, who had once been a reporter for a Chinese newspaper and is now in the armed services, who tells Carl Glick about it. When Kung was a reporter he had to sit and gossip for hours, which made him dejected. But he was in no hurry to print news, for the Chinese newspaper does not print news, but comment on news. Everybody in Chinatown knows what happens, so why repeat it? It is much better to write an essay, or a poem, interpreting the event. And how generous it is for one friend to write a poem to another, praising him! Sometimes the Chinese hang up these poems, as we hang up the portraits friends have sent us. In Chinatown they have Chinese time and American time; Chinese time is leisurely, but if a definite appointment is made on American time, it is kept punctually. The young Chinese, born in America, know how to make good use of the old ways and Carl Glick has portrayed their experiences in amusing and entertaining fashion. (Whittlesey House, \$2.50)

YOUNG men and women used to come from the ends of the United States to New York with high hope and ambition and the desire to make a name for themselves. That was supposed to be the great adventure. Rarely did anyone have the courage to announce that he had left New York with satisfaction to find a new life in the rest of the country. But the record must be amended; Kay Swift, who used to write tuneful songs for radio and Broadway musical comedies (her first big hit was "Can't We Be Friends?") has just made a confession: the West is wonderful, and life on a horse ranch with her bronco-busting husband and his children is so swell that she expresses her feelings by the title of her confession, "Who Could Ask for Anything More?"



...and somehow, home
is closer —



It's only a snapshot... dog-eared
from constant thumbing... but to a boy on some distant hilltop, it's
home... made real, brought nearer, by a few square inches of paper...

When it comes to pictures, we of Pabst have no axe to grind. But we *do* know how much they can mean to a boy away from home... and—well, how long *has* it been since you sent him new pictures?

These hints will help you to give him the kind of snapshots he likes best

- ★ You needn't spend a lot of money. If you haven't a camera, chances are your neighbor will be glad to lend you his.
- ★ Be sure and have your pictures made small enough to fit a wallet—because that's where they'll be kept!

★ Remember, the poses everyone likes best are *informal* ones — the family and friends out in the back yard, for instance.

Of course, if a glass or two of Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer happens to get into the picture—that's only natural when good friends get together! For all over America, this great beer is the symbol of friendly companionship. It's *full-flavor blended* to give you all the taste-tones of a complete beer.

And whether you're taking pictures, or just enjoying a quiet hour of relaxation—a cool, frosty glass of delicious Blue Ribbon Beer *always* hits the spot! No matter where you go, there's no finer beer, no finer blend, than Pabst Blue Ribbon.



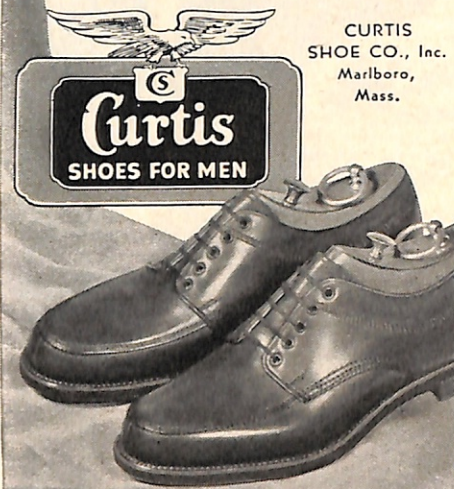
Now more than ever
A SYMBOL OF
FRIENDLY COMPANIONSHIP

Copy. 1943, Pabst Brewing Company, Milwaukee, Wis.

CURTIS KNOWS BUT ONE KIND OF SHOEMAKING

More pleasure per mile and more miles per pair . . . that's been the Curtis ideal through four generations of fine shoemaking. Honest New England craftsmanship goes into every stitch and lift of leather that bears the Curtis name . . . and what a difference it makes.

AT BETTER STORES EVERYWHERE



CURTIS
SHOE CO., Inc.
Marlboro,
Mass.

FOUR GENERATIONS OF FINE SHOEMAKING

BACK THE ATTACK

Buy United States
WAR Bonds

OFFICIAL SERVICE FLAGS



Honor YOUR Service Man with this beautiful Service Flag in your window or home. Satin, with yellow fringe—blue star in field of red for each man in service.

ORDER FROM THIS AD

No. 21—7x11", each \$.50
No. 23—10x15", each75
No. 24—12x18", each 1.00
No. 25—15x24", each 1.50

Includes 1 to 5 stars—gold stars also

Order today. Satisfaction or money back.

Special sizes for Churches, Lodges, Business Houses.

ROLL OF HONOR

A permanent tribute—beautiful walnut plaque with eagle and Victory torches. Gold bordered name plates, with names in silver. Send for illustrated price list. U. S. Flags, Christian and Papal Flags for Churches. Send for price list.

REGALIA MFG. CO.
Dept. E, Rock Island, Illinois



This romance started at the New York World's Fair, where said husband, called Chris, performed as a bronco buster; he wore gay riding togs and an immense hat, and Kay Swift fell in love with him. She gladly forsook the bright lights of Broadway and followed him to a ranch in Oregon. She found the Fourth of July at Juniper Junction such a rowdy, exhilarating event that she can't quit exclaiming over it. It far outdistanced the puny display of fireworks of New York, for it was filled with parading horses and the din of firecrackers. The Fourth of July, she decides, "belongs to small towns all over the country".

But there are some things that mark her for an Easterner. She can't abide butchering, especially when she has made friends with the dear little lambs. Her husband, fortunately, has no such compunctions; he sees that the ice box is full of fresh meat. She doesn't enjoy going hunting and seeing deer killed, either. Maybe, if she lives longer on her Oregon ranch, she may be reconciled to this butchery, but so far she prefers not to look. But she may as well learn where those fine Chateaubriand steaks come from. (Simon & Schuster, \$2.)

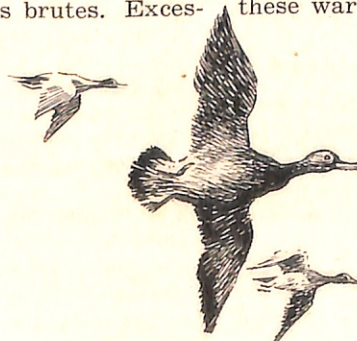
GERMANY is full of prisoners of war and work slaves, all of them existing under the greatest difficulties. What sort of lives they lead, how they get food and clothing and how they are treated by Nazi jailers and civilians are for the most part closed subjects. But now and then a prisoner escapes and returns to tell the world what happened to him. One of the most remarkable of such accounts is that of a Frenchman named Jean Helion, whose book is called "They Shall Not Have Me", a phrase often repeated by the French as "*Ils ne m'auront pas*". It is an extraordinary story of life in camp and on a prison ship at Stettin, where Helion was employed as interpreter, and his subsequent escape by way of Berlin through the heart of Germany to Brussels, Paris and what was still unoccupied France. Jean Helion, who is well known in the United States for his paintings and has exhibited his work in New York, Chicago, San Francisco and Hollywood, is married to a woman from Richmond, Va., and now lives here.

The Germans portrayed by Helion are as often fools as brutes. Exces-

sive brutality does not play a great part in the story, though there are references to the severity of punishment, and some of the commanders were addicted to stern discipline. But the Frenchmen were full of tricks and subterfuges; they stole discreetly; they committed acts of sabotage; they undermined civilian morale by circulating doubts when they worked beside German civilians in the fields. They reminded the Germans that their presence as workers meant that Germans would be sent to the front in Russia. They could tell whether a soldier was a hot or tepid Nazi by his replies to such a question as, "How long do you think it will take Germany to beat Russia?" The "very hot Nazi" would answer, "It's already done." The tepid Nazi would say, "It may last some time yet." The soldier who was against it would say, "Well, I don't know." Helion discovered that 20 percent of the soldiers were hot partisans of Hitler, 60 percent followed him with confidence, ten percent did not praise him and ten percent were against him.

"Nazism has shown us two faces," writes Helion, "one of the utmost brutality and one of comprehension and humanity. It is perhaps the greatest originality of Hitler to have used well-measured generosity, in conjunction with terrifying horrors, in his endeavor to deepen our defeat." He is referring to the conditions in France. The story of his escape from the prison ship in Stettin harbor, his disguises and falsifications, and his long trip across Germany, is as good as any fiction I have read. Danger did not stop in Paris, where he had to hide from house to house, until finally he could make his way across the border to unoccupied France disguised as a laborer. (E. P. Dutton & Co., \$3)

THE stories of escape from Japanese fury continue to appear and each adds something worth knowing to the record of Japanese brutality. Benjamin A. Proulx was a 40-year-old stockbroker, Canadian-born and living in Hong Kong, when the blow fell. He was a volunteer in the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve and served at his post till overwhelmed. His wife and boys went to a concentration camp and he was a war prisoner. But he got away, and his account of his escape in "Underground from Hong Kong" is another thriller of these war days. (Dutton, \$2.50)



In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 12)

same) the business of those lights was something that demanded investigation. Daisy's company must have given me moral support. We went inside and downstairs. At first, all I noticed was a lot of these little folding wooden camp chairs. Coming from the outer darkness my eyes didn't focus so good but when they did I saw at the far end of the room a small stage with a group of young people on it chattering away like a flock of cat-birds. I didn't want to butt in, so Daisy and I each took a chair and sat down. That basement was mighty warm and comfortable. It felt good to get out of the cold and, by gosh, Ed! before I knew it I fell asleep. How long I slept I don't know but I was awakened by a man who sat down alongside of me."

"I suppose you and your mutt were politely given the bum's rush?" I said.

"On the contrary, my friend, I was welcomed with open arms as the story books say. The man was the dominie of that church and he was a whole lot happy that I took an interest in the affairs of the young folks, from which I gathered that few of the grown-ups in his parish gave the kids much attention. The occasion was a meeting of the Young People's Society to devise ways and means of raising money to finance certain amateur theatricals in prospect.

"Ed, that was right down my alley. As you know, I've been an advertising and publicity man longer than I like to remember. Before I left that church I revised an editorial for their bulletin, wrote a letter to go out to the parishioners on behalf of the youngsters and was formally enrolled as advertising-publicity manager."

"That's fine, Joe. What church is it?"

"Don't ask."

"Why not?"

"Let me finish, Ed. I must have been away longer than I thought because after making a few more stops on the way home, but only a few," Joe added hurriedly, "Mary wasn't exactly what you'd call enthusiastic when I arrived. Asked me where I spent the night. All night, she said. Why will women make mountains out of mole-hills?"

"I've been to church," I said.

"You what?"

"Yep, church. Place that you and I ought to visit more often. You particularly."

"If you think I believe that that's where you've been, then one of us is crazy. All right, what church?"

"So help me Hannah, Ed, I couldn't tell her. I'd completely forgotten the name of the church and when she asked me where it was located I'd forgotten that too. Worst of all, I couldn't describe the building

LET

NO MAN

BE

IN DOUBT...



100 PROOF

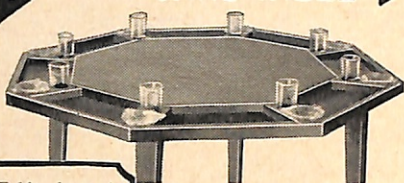
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STRAIGHT
BOURBON
WHISKY

Famous
OLD FORESTER
America's Guest Whisky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERY CO., INC. • At LOUISVILLE In KENTUCKY

new PORTA-POKER

8-PLACE FOLD-AWAY CARD TABLE



- Folds down to only 4 inches thick...
- Easily stored in minimum space
- Official size, 4-foot diameter...
- Green felt playing surface...
- 8 nonspill, non-tip holders for glasses and ashtrays...
- Mahogany-stained, alcohol-proof finish...

A CLEVER new convenience for card players. The all-purpose portable playtable for small apartment, den or recreation room. New improved model. Attractively finished, substantially made, sturdy legs. Nothing to loosen or wear out. Now custom made—delivery within 10 days. Only \$34.50 Express collect. Money refunded if not pleased. Makes an ideal gift.

HOME GAME CO., Dept. E-4
360 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago

EVERYTHING FOR FUN AT HOME

Headquarters for game room equipment, accessories for the home. Unusual games, novelties, barbecue supplies, etc. Write for: "Successful Entertaining At Home." It's Free!



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because it was night time and as you know I don't see so good, and Daisy was no help at all."

Sometime I'll tell you of other misadventures that Joe has had in search of Daisy but to get on with the subject of this sermon before the editor throws this out the window!

NOW the reason that my friend endures the trouble he has with that pooch is not only because he is inordinately fond of it, but the dog really belongs to a local ball team which Joe manages. He's just that Fido's custodian and if he ever loses the dog for keeps he'd have to leave town as there are some pretty tough eggs on that team. Some there are who wholeheartedly believe that without Daisy as their mascot they would never have enjoyed the success that was theirs during the season past. Call this superstition, which of course it is, but you won't have to search far to find other organized groups that so regard their mascots.

When a dog serves that way he ceases to be a one-man pet. He becomes the object of the affections of many. In this role he more than ever stands for courage, loyalty, honesty, perhaps endurance and always intelligence. Whatever he symbolizes is invariably a virtue that marks human behavior—never a vice.

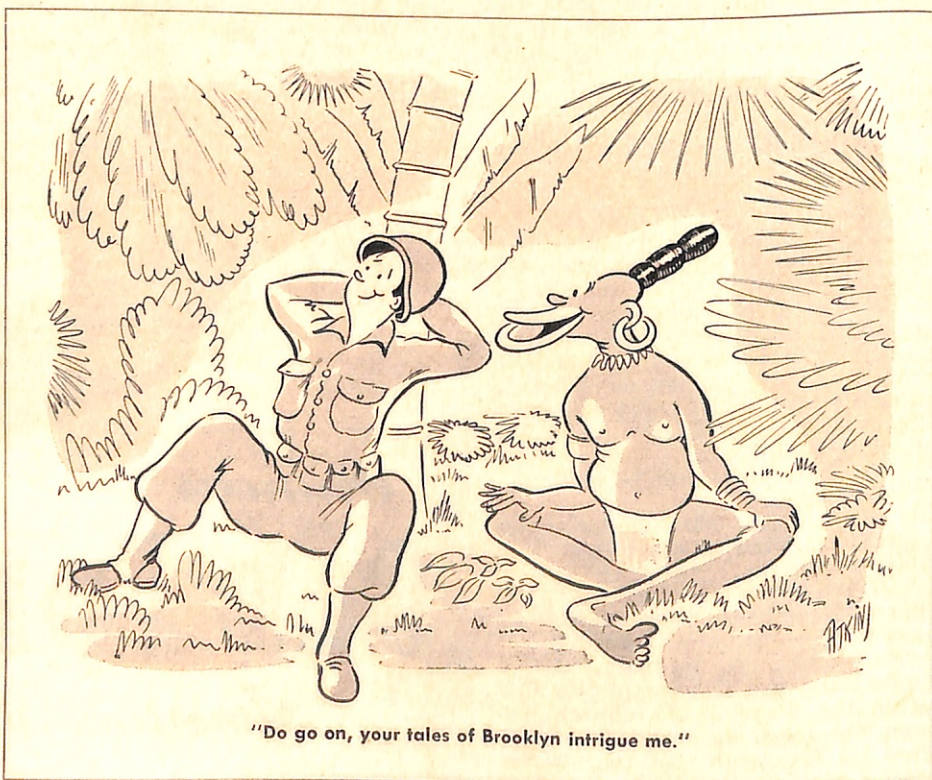
Having plenty of savvy, as I've said, is No. 1 requirement for the dog that would make mascoting its career. Particularly is this so when he takes up with the boys who toss the hand grenades, drop the block busters or man the torpedo tubes.

Please note that when I refer to

the purp as a military mascot I don't mean the wonderful trained Army or Navy war dog. The latter rarely if ever becomes a mascot or a pet. In fact, this is very much discouraged by those in authority. Such dogs are trained for the grim business of war. Their only contact with human beings is when they are fed or are out on duty. At all other times, barring exercise periods if their duties aren't strenuous enough to keep them in condition, they are confined to their kennels.

DUE perhaps to military necessity we've had comparatively few stories about Fido as a military mascot in the course of the present war. Perhaps such stories would be a tip-off as to the location of Army or Navy units. So for this reason, I can't tell you much about the modern Service mascot but will have to draw upon the experiences of the dog in World War I. Incidentally, all dogs with American Forces during that rumpus were mascots only. Uncle Sam employed no trained war dogs but quite a few of the mascot dogs came through with flying colors as military assistants.

Perhaps the outstanding purp of that war was Rags. This little chap, a nondescript terrier, was picked up by a non-commissioned officer of the First Division, during a black-out in Paris. Mr. Rags quickly learned his way around the front lines. He became No. 1 shell-spotter. Fortified by hearing ability far keener than that possessed by human beings, as are most dogs, Rags could hear the whistle of an on-coming shell a few seconds sooner than could his buddies. When that happened, Rags would hug the ground, thus giving



a signal to the men. He became a reliable and relied-upon messenger too. Many's the dispatch that he carried back to field headquarters or between units of the Division.

As gas masks for dogs never entered the calculations of the Service of Supply, several men of the company made a mask for Rags. It was effective and saved our little friend's life on more than one occasion. During part of the battle of the Argonne, Rags wore his mask as did the non-com upon whom he centered his affections. An exploding shell wounded the sergeant, at the same time tearing his mask away. Rags promptly tore off his own mask and raced through a terrific German barrage with a message from his buddy to an artillery battery in the rear. This was real heroism when it is recalled that splinters from the same shell injured his right ear, cut his left paw and blinded his right eye. Army rules forbid the admission of dogs to military hospitals but when the sergeant was checked in for treatment, Rags went along too. Other duties that he assumed and became highly proficient in performing, were those of sentry and searcher for the wounded. In the former he proved his worth by detecting advancing enemy soldiers long before they were heard by the men of his unit. As a searcher for the wounded, he was instrumental in saving quite a few lives. Here again, his hearing plus the remarkable scenting ability with which most dogs are endowed, made him superior to his comrades. A sigh, a slight groan of a wounded man which might be unheard by a human searcher would be instantly detected by Rags. There are men living today who, very badly wounded at that time, have or had, Rags to thank for their lives.

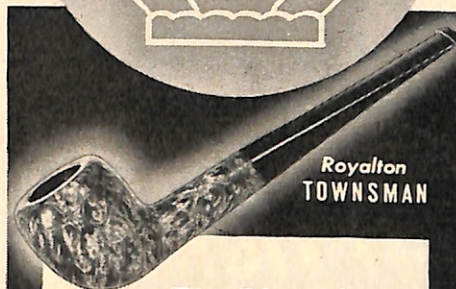
Few dogs if any, have ever worked up a wider acquaintance among soldiers, either in Europe and the United States. When the men of Rags's Division were returned to this side, Rags came along too, making his headquarters on Governors Island in New York harbor. The little fellow continued quite a few of his friendships in army circles

and quickly found his way to those friends who were stationed in forts near New York City. For this reason he became an established commuter on the ferryboat that ran between the Island and the city. Another distinction that he enjoyed was that he was the only non-purebred to be shown at an official dog show. The first time an attempt was made to enter him his entry was indignantly rejected. This created a furore that led to newspaper editorials. The idea that Rags, battlefield hero, wasn't considered fit company for dogdom's aristocrats was not well taken by John Q. Public. This reached the attention of the Long Island Kennel Club whose forthcoming show was scheduled to be held in a Brooklyn Armory. That body very wisely created a special class for Rags and in it he won a blue ribbon as "war dog sweepstakes champion". Some time later, at a reunion of the First Division at Fort Hamilton, New York, Rags had his picture taken in a group consisting of Generals Frank Parker, Robert Lee Bullard and Charles P. Summerall who at various times had commanded that Division. Rags enjoyed an exceptionally long life for a dog, particularly for one that survived the hardships and vicissitudes of war. He died in 1936 at the age of twenty. At that time he was living in Washington and when he died was buried in a pet cemetery within the District. He left an estate of \$100 derived from a part of the proceeds of a book written about him by Jack Rohan, now Lieutenant Colonel. The entire book, "Rags, the Story of a Dog Who Went to War", is devoted to the dog and his career.

But Rags isn't the only dog to distinguish himself or herself. There's the classic story of Verdun Belle who also broke into literary circles via the late Alexander Woolcott's tender tale "Verdun Belle". The Belle adopted one of the regiments of the A.E.F., giving her affections mostly to one of its members. As told in the story—and it is not fiction, mind you—Belle's behavior under fire was such that the men guessed that she was accustomed to it. Further specula-



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tion led them to believe that she had deserted a nearby French regiment in favor of the Americans. Perhaps the death or disability of a beloved owner caused her to be restless or unhappy. It wasn't long before the men could see that Belle had taken a fling at matrimony. Shortly thereafter she presented the regiment with seven reproductions of herself. She was an English setter and through odd chance, considering the casualness of the life of an army dog, all of the puppies looked like setters. Belle's family affairs became the concern of the entire regiment—a Marine regiment it was. What to do with seven pups whelped practically under the shadow of the big guns? But one by one they were disposed of until only two were left. What subsequently happened to Belle and her babies hasn't been told, although it is reasonable to believe that all three wound up as Marine mascots. Dogs and men in Service seem to have a natural affinity for each other.

Next we have the story of Stubby, another Marine purp. Although he was wounded by a hand-grenade splinter at the battle of Seichprey, he lived to enjoy the distinction of shaking hands with the late President Wilson. But, being a real Marine, there was nothing snooty about him—he'd shake hands with anybody. His injuries kept him on the sick list for some six months but he went back to his regiment in time to serve during the battle of Chateau Thierry and throughout the entire Argonne operations. One of his achievements was the capture of a man who later turned out to be a German spy. The man's actions were suspicious to friend Stubby who quickly pounced upon him and held him long enough for his fellow Marines to make the spy a prisoner. Stubby taught himself to locate the wounded and in this rendered fine service. His ability to recognize a gas attack was uncanny. Long before the actual gas rolled over the ground to reach his regiment, Stubby's restlessness could be observed and in this way many of his comrades were able to take advance precautions. It is said of him that one time when all the men of his unit resting fairly well behind the lines were asleep, Stubby awakened them in time to prepare for the gas. But unlike Rags he didn't have a gas mask. Perhaps no one thought to make one for him or perhaps he

wouldn't wear one. This led to his being overcome in the course of such an attack. Taken to a base hospital, he was nursed back to health. When the wars were over he returned to this country with his regiment and at one time he sat for his picture at the request of General Pershing who was being photographed. You can see Stubby's body, carefully mounted at the Smithsonian Institution.

ONE of the stories that come to us out of the present war is told about the dog Bronco. He too, following the long-gone Stubby, captured his man. It was somewhere in the South Seas—location not given. Among the Nip prisoners of war was an aviator who succeeded in escaping the detention pen. He didn't take friend Bronco into his calculations. Bronco knew that those Japs in that pen were to be kept there. When he saw that one was getting away, he quickly gave the alarm and his fellow soldiers recaptured the runaway as he was swimming away from the island.

A similar experience was that of Prince who, with a non-commissioned officer, tracked an escaping Jap through the jungle and to the water's edge where the little yellow man was bagged. For this our friend Prince was decorated.

Another dog singled out for honors is the purp called Hey. Hey has a hair-trigger temper, according to the story released by the Associated Press. On the way to the war zone assigned to his regiment, he tried to remove sundry arms and legs of his “pals”. Yes, indeed, he bit no less than twenty men. But after he arrived at Guadalcanal he was officially cited for helping do away with a Jap sniper and became an expert mortar-fire spotter. He was among the first fourteen dogs to be recruited for this war. Hawaii is his home port. So emphatic was one of his fellow soldiers in relating Hey's exploits that word finally reached Major General Clayton B. Vogel and official action was taken on behalf of the dog. Here is what was written: **Subject: Warning dog, “Hey”.**

While on duty with the 164th Infantry Regiment, U. S. Army, and while stationed at a battalion command post about midnight the night of 6-7, December, 1942, the subject-named dog spotted a Jap sneaking through the brush. His warning enabled the men stationed at the C. P. to see and dispose of the Jap.

Are You A. W. O. L?

(Continued from page 5)

make them seem a little closer to you, I am going to give them all names. First, let's look at John Jones, a middle-aged drill operator working at a trade in which he had been expert for fifteen years. John was a little sick one night, and took the next day off. After waiting in line at the doctor's office for a while,

John was finally admitted, examined, and told to see a dentist. At the dentist's John ran into one of the more crowded professions in these times. Earliest possible time, said the receptionist, would mean a wait of three weeks, just for an examination. Fearing the consequence of neglected abscesses as diagnosed by the physi-

cian, John left the crowded community, went home, spent two weeks getting repaired. Absent? So the records say. Would you have done it?

Frank Adams was a younger man, got his first good job in an expanding war plant up-state. For several years after high school he had wandered around looking for work, finding little with a future. Wartime found Frank in front of an automatic stamping machine. His job was feeding rough chips on the work bed, and taking them out after shaping; his machine took 300 chips per hour. Eight-hour days stretched to ten; a five-day week to six. Sure, they paid him overtime. But overtime looks mighty small when you're making 300 identical motions every hour, every day, every week. Monotony got in some deadly blows before Frank added a little recreation to the bleak drabness of this job after years of relative inactivity. He took a few days off, felt much better. Result: Absenteeism! Would you have stood it better?

Before the war, Jack Smith was the one man in the whole shop who got the tough ones. Years of working at close tolerances had given him a sixth sense, so acute that fellow workers said Jack could smell a tenthousandth of an inch. War work brought with it changes in shifts, working hours. Jack went to work at 4 p.m., worked until after midnight, sometimes until dawn when the heat was on. He never saw his children who were at school when Jack was home and awake; he and his family lost contact with their old friends. An evening of cards, or bowling belonged to the good old days. Enough is enough! Jack started missing shifts, saw some old cronies and his kids. To the factory, an absentee; to his family, it was mighty nice to see Dad again.

The acute gas shortage, crisis number eleven, spread across the East. Bill's car, always a gas hog, sat with an empty tank, while Bill, an aircraft assembly supervisor, stood at the nearest bus stop—or, at least, Bill stood there for two hours before "Bus Full" signs stopped coming. Bill went on to work the first day, but made a silent vow that the next time the car stopped working, so would he. He needed a few days' rest anyhow. The gas shortage continued so he took a few; a man in Washington groaned as the absenteeism figure in that plant climbed to a new high. What would we have done were we in Bill's job and had Bill's car? Would Washington have had a lower rate to groan at?

Jim Martin was a victim of "priority unemployment", back in the first frantic days after Pearl Harbor. He soon shifted over to the shipyard on the coast, five hundred miles away. A few short months there, in the rapidly expanding yard, gave him the seniority and experience that went with ten years of handling a welder's torch. But where did Jim live? Weary hours of searching put

him on a second-hand cot in a large barn of a roominghouse, six men to the room. With 24-hour shifts, constantly changing for each of the roommates, living conditions were a far cry from Jim's pleasant little place back home, where his wife and kids lived a husbandless and fatherless existence. Sundays back home stretched into long weekends as Jim shuddered at the thought of the noisy, semi-public housing facilities offered him near the job. Another absentee for the books. Would you call him a slacker?

Into one of the Midwest war plants, high-pressure recruiting campaigns brought scores of married women, ready to give their time and energy toward ending the war. One of these women, Lois Brooks, left her two children in an overcrowded neighborhood nursery and soon worked up to a supervisory position in the parts room. Responsibilities at home had lessened when her husband had joined up, and she felt she could do no less than help out in the battle of production. Life wasn't too easy, with clothing and food purchases difficult, rationing books and certificates to get and laundry and other household services un dependable. Then one of the children got the sniffles, and two days later the other. Lois took two days off to get her home and family back in shape, then a third day. A bad case of absenteeism! Ask your wife what she would have done!

Alice Brown, young, single, alone in a new war center, had been fortunate. Government housing projects close to the plant provided her with a comfortable, adequately furnished room. Plant cafeterias provided good, nourishing food, while nearby shops had, somehow, managed to expand sufficiently to take care of the war workers. Her job was interestingly varied, and the hours neither too long nor too unpleasant. Her Charlie was in the Marines, and irregular, but satisfying letters from the Solomons made normally lonely trips to the movies all the night-life Alice wanted. Until those six short days that Charlie had on furlough, Alice had a perfect attendance record. Charlie's visit saw Alice at her job just one day.

These are a few examples of war workers who missed days from their jobs. I didn't say that these examples were genuine, but they could be. As a matter of fact, the real-life examples I have encountered in the past few months in visiting war plants are more complicated. I have encountered men and women working with high fevers, standing at machines until the supervisors, at the insistence of the company doctor, ordered the worker home.

Also, in some of the same plants I have found those men who have no reason, or no good reason, for not coming to work. In any group of men and women we find lazy, irresponsible individuals, whether the group consists of the employees of a



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Pacific Coast war plant, clerks in the downtown department stores, government employees in Washington, or even in the Armed Forces. But these people, the true slackers, are few—extraordinarily few—in comparison to the men and women who are on the job, day after day, in spite of hardships that any reasonable man would find almost unbearable.

Furthermore, as the strategy of war alters the demands for certain types and kinds of war weapons, orders from Washington reflecting these shifts in terms of changing schedules, products, machines, specifications, mean some silent production lines during change-over periods. In the face of this, some workers are bound to lose the sense of urgency for steady pressure on assembly lines.

Recognizing these reasons for absenteeism, throwing, as they do, a different and unexpected light on the whole program, represents only the beginnings of a cooperative and concerted attack on the problem by the plants, by workers' organizations and by the community. The improvement of plant working conditions provides additional incentives to stay on the job.

Many other factors, activities entirely outside the field of operations by the plants, come right down to us, and other average Americans, interested in keeping America's production workers on the job just as we are interested in keeping America's military workers—the soldiers—on the fields of battle.

What are some of the things we can do?

First, let's get organized. Talk to the management and union organizations of your war plants. Labor management committees are already active in many of these plants, carrying on sensible, practical programs to keep the workers on the job. Find out—these people know—just what services and facilities are needed to keep the workers on the job. Then let's provide those services!

First, the stores. Clothing, dry-goods, drugs and department stores can and will provide off-hour service, provided the rest of the community will forego a corresponding reduction in their shopping facilities at other hours. Experiments with keeping stores open during evening hours have met with remarkable success, resulting both in reduced absenteeism in nearby plants and increased sales by the local merchants.

Second, amusement places, movies and dance halls. Swing-shift dances, first pioneered in California under the aegis of the aircraft industry, have swept the country and resulted in better, happier and more regular workers. In Los Angeles, the city council rescinded its 2 a.m. closing ban on bowling alleys, and now the bowlers, leaving the plants at 3 and 4 a.m., find their favorite alleys ready for action. Movies in Los Angeles operate on a 24-hour basis.

Third, professional services, such

as banks, post offices, doctors and the like. A good many of these services can be transferred directly to the plants. Many banks have increased their accounts tremendously by establishing branch offices at the out-of-town war plant. In addition to the company doctor, who is usually overworked, town physicians make regular visits to the plants. Doctors and dentists can accomplish a lot by just shifting their office hours to take care of the odd-shift workers. While postal facilities can be established only through Washington action, similar services can and have been provided by plants and other organized groups as a public service. Stamps can be sold by anyone, and regular trips can take care of mailing packages, buying money-orders for workers, picking up registered parcels.

Ration boards, draft boards and similar groups can give periodic service at the plants during off hours, thereby making unnecessary trips into the draft and ration areas.

All of these are positive, organized actions which pay big dividends in reducing absenteeism, increasing the health and morale of the production soldier, making his living and working conditions more bearable. But we as individuals on the home front can and must do many more things to win this war.

In foreign lands, the countries of our enemies, some of these things are done by law. Even in the lands of our Allies, some of these things are accomplished by government direction and national legislation. Here in America we preach another doctrine. Voluntary cooperation through the willingness and unselfishness of the American citizen can and will accomplish more than the government edicts of the enemy countries.

Here are some of the little things that help remove big problems: When you have to see a doctor, try to go at a time that will not interfere with a war worker's visit. If the stores arrange special hours to take care of production workers, let's keep out of them! Don't, under any circumstances, overload the buses and street-cars when war workers have to be using such transportation! Visit ration and draft boards during slack hours.

And then go a little farther. Think of the production soldier as a Service Man. He—or she—has a hard, tough job, and is often lonely too. Try to open your home and community activities to workers from out of town. They need new friends and activities to take the place of those they have left behind to do their war job.

Perhaps I've become a little too demanding of the home front. I have done so because many independent studies and personal visits to one war plant after another have shown me that a healthy part of the responsibility for absenteeism lies with the community in which the worker lives. In those communities where community action and cooperative

spirit have placed the needs of the war worker above the hopes and desires of the community as a whole, absenteeism has been licked. In communities where these things are lacking, we find a different state of affairs. You men in the Order of Elks can take the lead in such communities,

can begin to do the job that must be done if we are to maintain the high production pace that is just now having its effect on the war fronts. The Elks and similar public-spirited organizations everywhere can help to do the job for America that can, and must, and will be done!

Everyone's Football

(Continued from page 6)

seeking a more favorable Army attitude toward sports, in this instance a synonym for football. The petition was drawn by Representative Samuel A. Weiss, of Pennsylvania, and signed by 255 other Congressmen. The benefits, or lack of same, derived from football by trainees in the Armed Forces have brought about a sharp and bitter difference of opinion between the Army and Navy which, fortunately, see eye to eye on matters more intimately associated with the safety of the Republic. In virtually every State capitol there is a tug of war going on behind the scenes between the Friends and Foes of Football, with the Foes pulling the greater weight at the moment.

To understand these unseemly goings-on, it is necessary to fill in a brief bit of background. The military and political squabble over football is nothing more than a magnification of the identical battle that has been taking place for years in educational circles. The word circle is used advisedly because it has no beginning, middle or end. It just goes on and on, always returning to the original starting point.

This is the typical course of the

jurisdictional fight that has been waged in the colleges for more than twenty years. The active disputants can be grouped into two general classifications: (1) Coaches and administrators who derive financial gain from football, hereinafter referred to as body-contact men; (2) Teachers of physical education, hertofore referred to by the body-contact men as "muscle-jerks".

The relationship between the two groups is marked by the extensive lack of cordiality which exists between chorus girls who own mink coats and ladies of the ensemble who do not. The physical ed. men, jealous of the higher salaries and greater publicity enjoyed by the other side, look upon the body-contact fellows as thick-necked mugs who exploit football players for personal advantage. The coaches and graduate managers, resentful of the pipe lines the other guys have in high political places, say the opposition is a bunch of flabby theorists trying to sabotage all competitive athletics and would make mollycoddles of American youth with tedious, unpopular calisthenics and wand-waving exercises. Both blocs are given to exaggeration,



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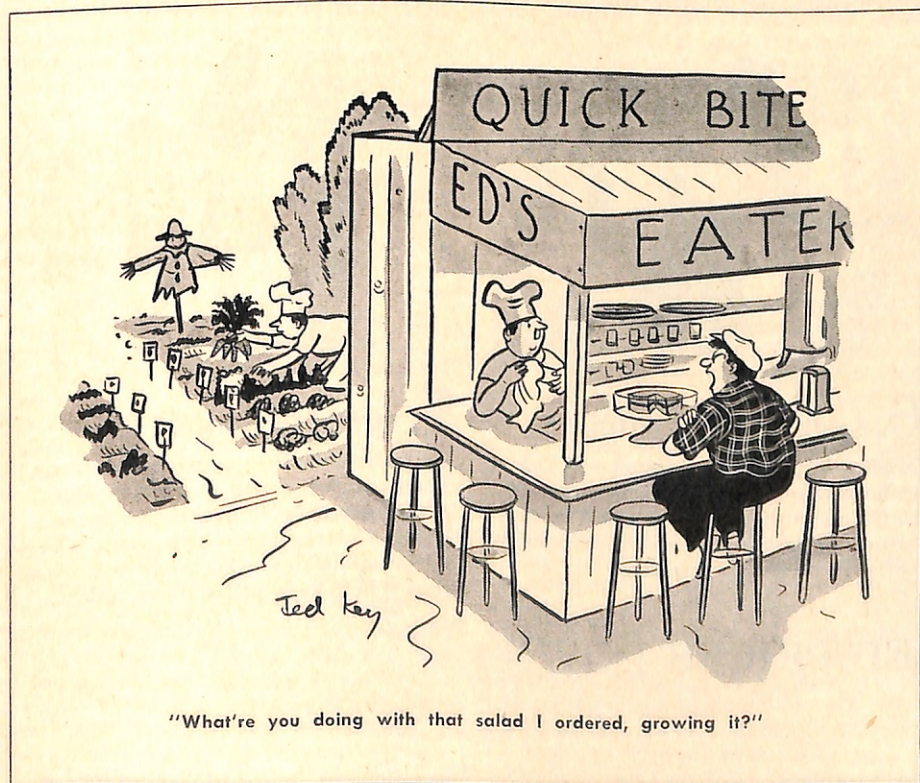


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If prices soar, this war will last longer, and we could all go broke when it's over. Uncle Sam is fighting hard to keep prices *down*. But he can't do it alone. It's up to *you* to battle against any and every rising price! To help win the war and keep it from being a hollow victory afterward—you must *keep prices down*. And here's how you can do it:



1. BUY ONLY WHAT YOU NEED

Don't buy a *thing* unless you *cannot* get along without it. Spending can't create more goods. It makes them scarce and prices go up. So make everything you own last longer. "Use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without."



2. PAY NO MORE THAN CEILING PRICES

If you do pay more, you're party to a black market that boosts prices. And if prices go up through the ceiling, your money will be worth less. Buy rationed goods only with stamps.



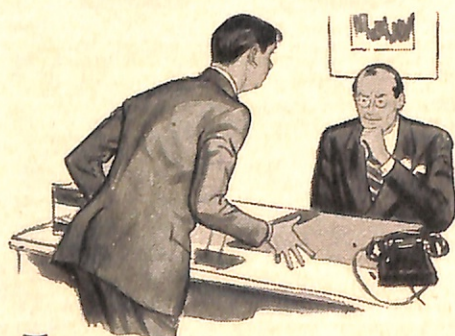
3. SUPPORT HIGHER TAXES

It's easier and cheaper to pay for the war as you go. And it's better to pay big taxes *now*—while you have the extra money to do it. Every dollar put into taxes means a dollar less to bid for scarce goods and boost prices.



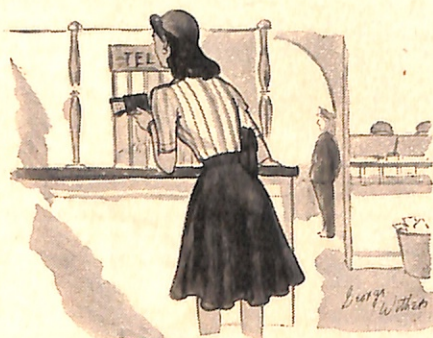
4. PAY OFF OLD DEBTS

Paid-off debts make you independent now . . . and make your position a whale of a lot safer against the day you may be earning less. So pay off every cent you owe—and avoid making new debts as you'd avoid healing Hitler!



5. DON'T ASK MORE MONEY

in wages, or in prices for goods you have to sell. That puts prices up for the things all of us buy. We're all in this war together—business men, farmers and workers. Increases come out of everybody's pocket—including *yours*.



6. SAVE FOR THE FUTURE

Money in the savings bank will come in handy for emergencies. And money in life insurance protects your family, protects you in old age. See that you're ready to meet any situation.



7. BUY WAR BONDS

and hold them. Buy as many as you can. Then cut corners to buy more. Bonds put money to work fighting the war instead of letting it shove up prices. They mean safety for you tomorrow. And they'll help keep prices down today.

KEEP PRICES DOWN . . .

Use it up . . . Wear it out . . .

Make it do . . . Or do without.

are irreconcilable and, of course, are feathering their nests.

As long as the conflicting attitudes were confined to an intra-collegiate quarrel, no great harm was done except to the eardrums of innocent bystanders who were bombarded periodically with weary arguments. But it is a pretty sour commentary that a mere game should make for bitterness between the Army and Navy and cause confusion among legislators who, Lord knows, have trouble enough keeping the record straight.

The war was seized upon by both groups as a springboard to a position of dominance at the expense of the other. With the Government sponsoring the greatest program of free education in history by sending hundreds of thousands of soldiers, sailors and Marines through college, the feudists were quick to realize that the side which did the fastest and most convincing talking would be in the driver's seat.

The arguments used must be familiar by this time to every literate American. Recapitulating in a quick once-over-lightly, the body-contact men insist that competitive sports—which bring the money through the gate—are ideal physical and psychological preparation for war. Football is a harsh, violent game, they concede, but war is a harsh violent, grinding business. American youth, reasonably gentle and unprepared mentally for the shock of war, can make the transition easily and painlessly by participating in sports which approximate battle conditions short of the use of weapons.

The "muscle-jerks"—the label is not ours—maintain that the mass purpose of sports, which is promoting physical condition, is defeated by the tendency to concentrate on the few who possess athletic skills that are superfluous in modern warfare. They say competitive sports glorify the one boy in fifty who has the ability to make the varsity team, with the remaining forty-nine deriving few benefits. Body-building exercise, they maintain, will give all candidates the physical toughness and stamina they need. Natural gifts for throwing a football, hitting a baseball or shooting a basketball are no help in building up a man to march thirty miles or meet the enemy in hand-to-hand combat.

Although a surprising amount of football will be played this year, the anti-competitive crowd appears to be in control. This is especially true among the land-grant colleges which are supported by State funds.

You know how it is. Once you get away from the privately-endowed Eastern colleges, there usually is one school in every State that is the top-dog in sports. Not all the legislators and influential educators are alumni of that school. Those who are not often resent its superiority or try to reduce it to the level of their own alma mater. Last winter a Western basketball team was refused permission to make its annual appearance

in Madison Square Garden because the authorities would not include on the football schedule several minor colleges in the same State. Everywhere the trend is against competitive sports. Such war conditions as the drafting of college-age boys and transportation restrictions have accelerated the trend, but it is most pronounced now in the high schools, which are under more direct control of State boards.

The Army-Navy difficulty springs from different attitudes toward sports—again read football. The Navy has adopted the policy of encouraging its college trainees to participate in all normal extracurricular activities such as undergraduate publications, glee clubs, debating societies and sports, the proceeds of which go directly to the college athletic association. The Army repeatedly has stated that its college-trained men have no time for such nonsense. Stimson made that point clear all over again in answering the petition brought by the 256 Congressmen.

It requires no great imagination to envision the wire-pulling that took place in both branches of the Service before the conflicting policies were formulated. There are high-ranking Army officers who are sport fans and feel that the Navy, by making a play for well-known athletes, is assuring itself of more and better publicity. These suspicions are well founded; there is no doubt that the first-rate football teams representing the Pre-Flight training schools and Great Lakes have given the Navy a handsome press.

The Navy did not have smooth sailing in reaching a decision on sports directly opposed to the Army's. A sharp controversy involving factions headed by Commander Tom Hamilton and Commander Gene Tunney raged publicly for more than a year before a truce was declared in favor of Hamilton, former head football coach at the Naval Academy and a body-contact man from 'way back.

Having Tunney on their side unquestionably was a fine front for the muscle jerkers. A former heavyweight champion of the world, a master of controlled brutality and violence, said the extensive program of body-contact sports was stupid and dangerous. It sounded convincing until the origin of Tunney's violent antipathy for sports featuring physical violence was explained recently in another national magazine. It was an interesting story that made for a strange interpretation. It was a testimonial for, rather than an indictment of, everything Tunney would like to see abolished.

The story starts the night of May 14, 1922 when Tunney defended his American light-heavy-weight title against Harry Greb. Tunney had won the championship from Battling Levinsky, who had lost the world title to Georges Carpentier, but still retained the American copyright until Tunney relieved him of it.

Once he was on top, Tunney, even

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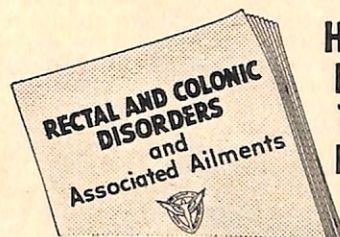
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then a stuffy, serious young man who acted as though he was slumming in the sordid fight racket, wanted no part of Greb, a rough-and-ready hellion who was licking everyone from middleweights to heavyweights. George Engel, Greb's manager, finally inveigled Tunney into the ring by announcing his boy was going to Paris to box Carpentier for the world title—an old dodge, but it worked. Tunney quickly agreed to fight Greb to clinch a lucrative match with Carpentier, who was supposed to defend his bright bauble on this side the following year.

Greb was so contemptuous of Tunney that he took on Al Roberts, a heavyweight, in Boston twelve days before the fight. In the first round of the Roberts affair, Greb suffered the injury which ultimately cost him the sight of one eye. When he went into the ring with Tunney,

Greb could not see out of his right eye. He went out with the intention of knocking out Tunney as soon as possible, if not quicker.

In the first minute of the fight, Greb landed a crushing overhand left flush on Tunney's handsome pan. The blow broke Tunney's nose. Tunney, who was proud of his skill as a defensive fighter, tried to conceal the effect of the punch by swallowing, instead of spitting out, the blood that flowed into his throat.

From there, Greb went on to give Tunney a frightful beating. Some old-timers report it was the most revolting display of brutality in the history of the modern prize-ring. In addition to breaking Tunney's nose, Greb cut both his eyes and belabored all parts of his anatomy from head to heel. Tunney was so nauseated from all the blood he had swallowed that he almost fainted.

Tunney went to Red Bank, N.J., for two months to recuperate, to decide whether he would continue his career as a fighter. Tunney later met and defeated Greb four times. Had he lacked courage and confidence, had he been robbed of ambition and resourcefulness by one bad reverse, Tunney never would have become heavyweight champion, he never would have made one million dollars and the social register, he never would have lectured at Yale and he would not be Commander James Joseph Tunney, U.S.N.R., today.

If nations submitted supinely after one disaster, China would not be fighting today, the England we know would have perished three years ago, Sevastopol and Stalingrad would not be monuments to the valor of a free people and December 7, 1941, would be celebrated as a national holiday in the countries of the Axis.

Under the Antlers

(Continued from page 36)

Red Cross, and war planes circling overhead, was staged under the direction of P.E.R. Lloyd Leedom. It was estimated that more than 100,000 people viewed the military spectacle, the last of its kind for the duration. Every lodge night during the campaign a continuous Bond Rally was held in the lodge home under the direction of Est. Lect. Knight Cliff R. Hubbard, and cash sales averaged \$20,000 a night. Many speakers from the membership, under the direction of Est. Loyal Knight Judge Fred Miller, appeared at all civic functions, service clubs and organization meetings during the Drive, emphasizing the necessity for buying Bonds. Decorated booths for the sale of Bonds and Stamps were set up throughout the downtown area, supervised by the Elks' ladies.

Each purchaser of a Bond was entitled to a ticket to the "Victory Show", produced by Rudy Vallee and the Coast Guard Band and held in the Municipal Auditorium under the direction of Bernard Dooley and Joe E. Mason. All available standing room was occupied. Clare McCord, P.E.R., was Executive Director, and B. Gordon Vessey, Historian, was

Chairman of Publicity. A special committee of 40 members served continuously in carrying out the many details of the campaign.

An eighty-page scrap book covering the drive contained more than 25,000 lines of publicity and several hundred cuts, as well as programs and letters of commendation from military, Government and civic organizations. The U.S. Treasury Department reported the following figures as the results of No. 888's thirty-day War Bond Drive Campaign: Series E Bonds—\$1,974,000; Corp. G and F Bonds—\$1,000,000.

Initiation at Nashville Lodge Honors Congressman J. P. Priest

The ten members of the Percy Priest Class, named in honor of one of the candidates, Congressman J. Percy Priest, Representative of the 6th Congressional District of Tennessee, were initiated into Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, No. 72, at a splendidly attended meeting on August 5. E.R. E. W. McCabe reported on the proceedings of the Grand Lodge War Conference and discussed the main

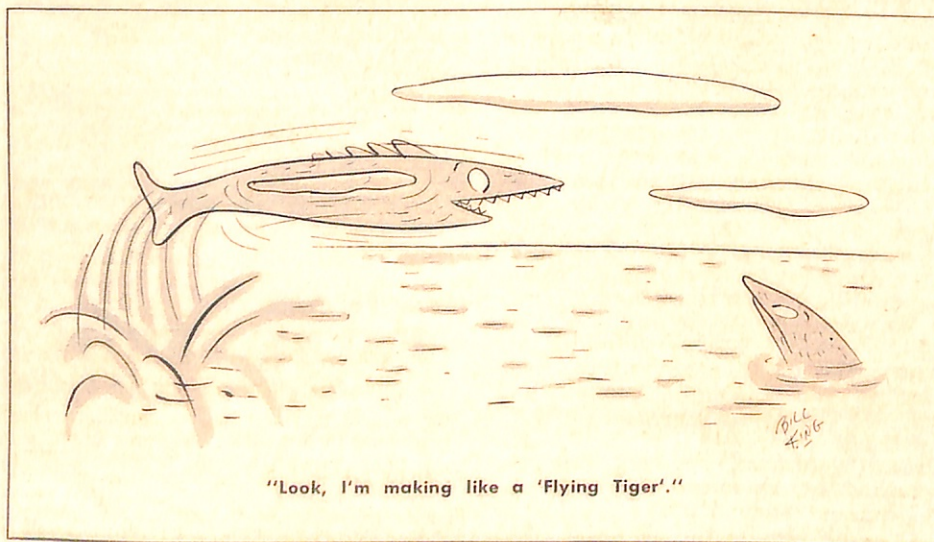
points of the new Grand Exalted Ruler's program which includes plans for the donation of blood for plasma, the rehabilitation of juveniles through the use of influence in the community and aid in the war effort in general.

It was decided to set aside additional funds for the expansion of the lodge's library and to re-catalogue and re-index the more than 5,000 books already in the collection. A report was made on the progress of the Elks' newly organized Glee Club. After the meeting a Dutch Supper was served and an address on national affairs was delivered by Congressman Priest.

Talks On N. J. Elks' Crippled Children Work Are Broadcast

A recent half-hour radio program, presented under the auspices of the N. J. State Elks Association, was devoted to a discussion of the Elks' crippled children work in the State. State President William J. McCormack, of Orange Lodge, Past President A. Harry Moore, of Jersey City Lodge, former Governor of New Jersey, Past Vice-President James Driscoll, of Orange, and District Deputy Russell H. Williams, West Orange, were speakers.

The birth and growth of the crippled children movement in the Order, present treatment given the children, the program of helping them to help themselves, and the training and vocational guidance that is given them, were described. Former Governor Moore talked eloquently about the children, their problems and their success in the business world after they have been given positions. He mentioned one benefactor who has given work to fifty young men and women who were crippled, and called attention to the fact that none have been late or absent since employed, and also stated that the Elks of New Jersey have spent just short of \$2,000,000 on crippled children work in fifteen years and \$130,000 during the past year. A watch made at the A. Harry Moore Cripple Children's School of Jersey City, and given Mr. Moore by the children at the school, was used in timing the program.



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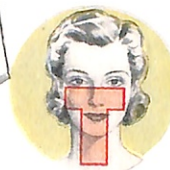
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ARMY MISSION. Rushing key Army personnel or special equipment to distant camps is just one of the important jobs of the men and women CAP pilots. Here is CAP Flight Officer Gahagan. Her destination is an Army secret, but it's no secret that her favorite cigarette is Camel—see left.